

The Sketch

No. 852.—Vol. LXVI.

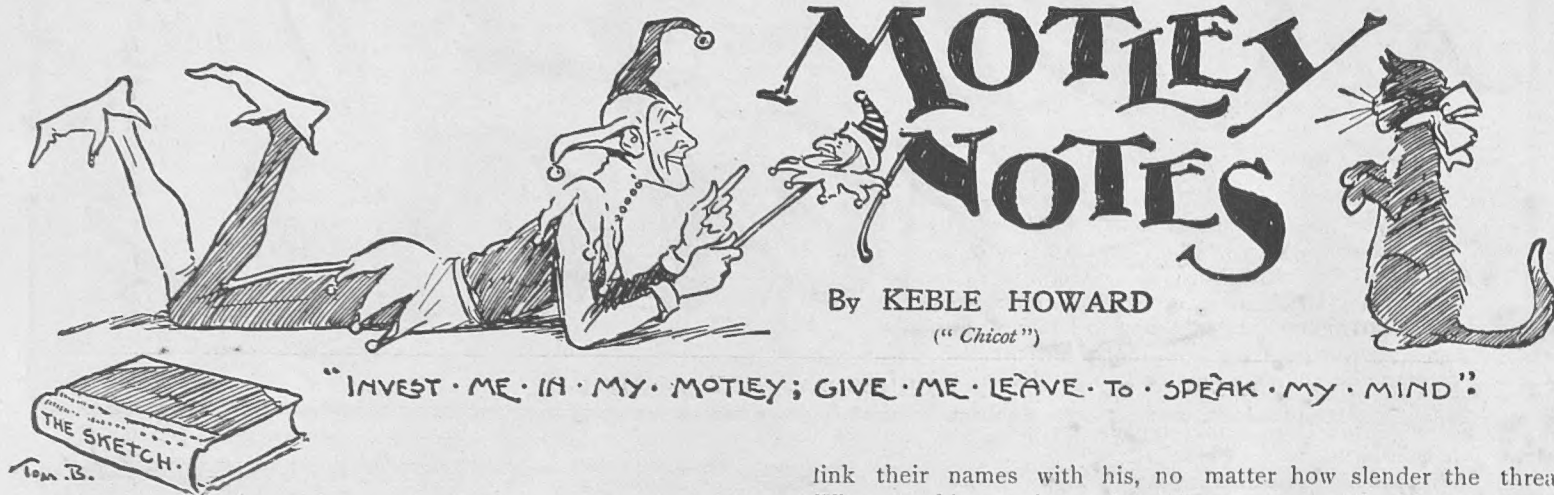
WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



WITH HER YOUNGER SON AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER: THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
WITH THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE AND LADY MERCY GREVILLE.

Lady Warwick has four children living. The elder son, Lord Brooke, was born in September 1892; the younger son, the Hon. Maynard Greville in March 1898; the elder daughter, Viscountess Helmsley, was born in 1894; the younger daughter, Lady Mercy Greville, in April 1904.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



THE MACHINE-MINDER'S LAMENT.

(WITH HEARTFELT APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)

"I would urge readers of newspapers to realise that they would be far more wisely employed in studying the real German danger—namely, the progress of the accelerated German naval programme, the construction of docks, the strengthening of the alliance with Austria, Hungary and Italy, and the fresh efforts now strenuously in progress to become more friendly with the United States—and to ignore these foolish fictions in regard to imaginary German air-ships. Germans, who have so long been accustomed to regard Great Britain as a model of national deportment, poise, and cool-headedness, are beginning to believe that England is becoming the home of mere nervous degenerates."—HISTORIC MESSAGE.

Me that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave done what I've done,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old Budgets again,
An' Winston both sides of the street,
An' Austen a way up the lane,
And Arthur a-puttin' between,
An' touchin' 'is 'at when they meet—
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen?

Me that 'ave watched ream on ream
'Eave up all shiny with noos,
Engineers workin' like mad
(Give the pore beggars their doos),
Our nippers a-runnin' pell-mell
Through terrace, and crescent, and block,
And screaming the ole time like anything—
"Five o'clock! Five o'clock! Five o'clock!"
An' then the sweet public's belief. . . .
An' I'm dishing up "docks" fer the Chief,
Me!

Me that 'ave worked through the dark
'Undred mile often on end,
Along the East Anglian shore,
With only the sales for my mark
An' only meself for me friend,
An' scoops runnin' off as you mind,
'Oly adjenous scoops as you mind,
An' our "specials" a-takin' the size
Of the 'igh an' long-sufferin' skies. . . .
I am printin' some letters almost
As genteel as they print in the *Post*—
Sort o' "Mind an' make nobody sore!"
Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence—
I will trek West and make sure
If it's only my fancy or not
That the papers of England is tame,
And we've got to the end of the game,
And there's somethin' gone *white* with the lot!

The Usual
Unseemly Squabble,
and snobbishness.

It is a pitiful thing, yet none the less a true thing, that a great man, by the simple act of dying, arouses a maelstrom of meanness and snobbishness. The little people who are left behind rush to

link their names with his, no matter how slender the thread. What earthly or heavenly difference can it make to George Meredith whether he is or is not buried in Westminster Abbey? What earthly difference can it make to those who acknowledged, in his lifetime, the amazing force of his intellect, his bewildering skill in the handling of our language, his splendidly virile satire, and, occasionally, his wealth of tenderness? All this talk about his claim to burial in the Abbey is just as vulgar, just as repulsive to people of taste as the talk about a Shakespeare Memorial—more repulsive, perhaps, because Shakespeare has been dead so long that we scarcely think of him as a fellow human being. One gentleman, I observe, put his views on the subject thus concisely: "After the cremation, place in the Abbey in an urn Meredith's ashes." There is a careful forethought, a beautiful housewifely economy about this suggestion that shows how deeply the author of it must have been feeling the loss of his brother in letters. Fie, gentlemen, gentlemen! If you cherish his memory and strive to emulate the simple nobility of his life, what matter though you scatter his ashes to the winds of heaven?

What a Question! "Is Cricket Standing Still?" This is a question put to me by one of my daily papers. I have not the slightest hesitation in answering that question with an emphatic, if unnecessarily long-winded, affirmative. So far as I am concerned, cricket always *was* standing still. Occasionally, maybe, one had the opportunity of running to fetch a ball that the expert at the wicket had driven to a distant part of the field. One also passed through the formality of putting on pads, walking to the wicket, taking "guard," being bowled at once, and retiring again into the background. For the rest, it was all standing still. That is my complaint against the game, and I thought I had made the fact sufficiently clear on a former occasion. I hope sincerely that my daily paper will not put the same question to me next year. It is poor fun to grope in the dark past for painful memories.

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT; OR, SAYINGS OF JOLLY DOGS.

MR. T. L. PATON, M.A. (at Liverpool): "The great sin is doing nothing." Why isn't it?

MRS. RAMSAY MACDONALD (at the Women's Institute): "We do not get much out of life." Then there can't be much in it.

MR. W. BERRY, M.A. (at Portsmouth): "We live in black clothes and dark thoughts." 'Ware Portsmouth!

MRS. E. G. WHITE (in *Good Health*): "Society is composed of families, and is what the heads of families make it." Good health!

PREBENDARY RUSSELL WAKEFIELD (at the Guildhall): "The danger of England to-day is the lack of grit." Do you cycle, Sir?

MR. ALFRED MOND, M.P. (at 35, Lowndes Square): "The poor working woman is forced to accept any conditions." Shrill cries of "Shame!"

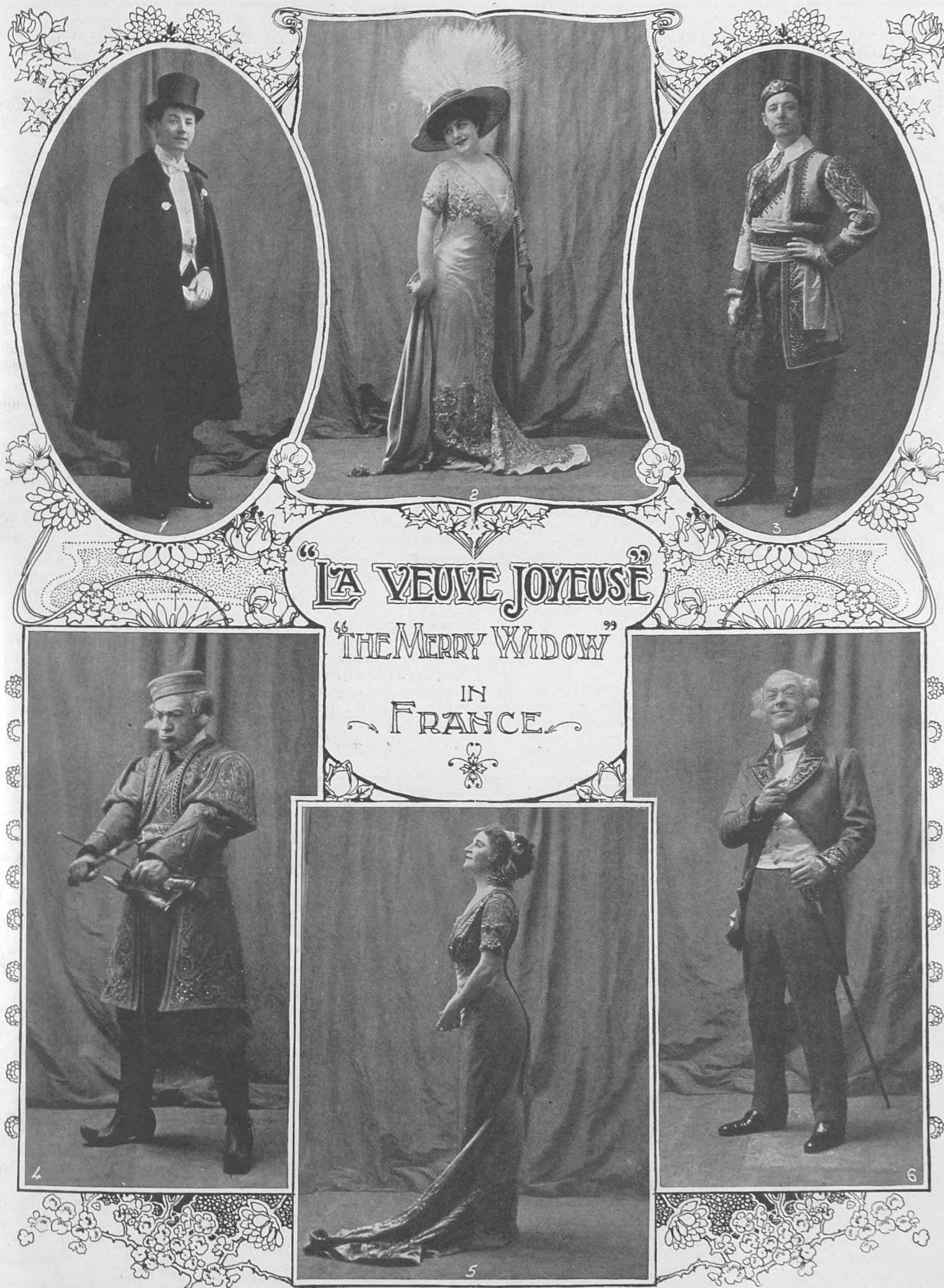
BISHOP WELLDON (at Manchester): "I do not want to use harsh language about sport." Good on yer, my Lord!

COUNCILLOR NEAL (at Hartshead): "A worse continuation school than the streets of our big cities it would be impossible to find." What's the matter with Hartshead?

MR. R. B. SUTHERS (in the *Clarion*): "Under the present system of competition, it is impossible for any person to be moral." Competition both ways.

"LA VEUVE JOYEUSE"—OTHERWISE "THE MERRY WIDOW."

CHARACTERS IN THE FRENCH VERSION OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY.



1. M. HENRI DEFREYN AS PRINCE DANILO, THE CHARACTER CREATED AT DALY'S BY MR. JOSEPH COYNE.

2. Mlle. THÉRÈSE CERNAY AS NATALIE, THE CHARACTER CREATED AT DALY'S BY MISS ELIZABETH FIRTH.

3. M. HENRI DEFREYN AS PRINCE DANILO, IN THE GREAT "MERRY WIDOW" WALIZ SCENE.

4. M. GALIPAUX AS BARON POPOFF, THE CHARACTER CREATED AT DALY'S BY MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

5. THE ONLY ENGLISH "LEAD" IN "LA VEUVE JOYEUSE": MISS CONSTANCE DREVER AS SONIA, THE MERRY WIDOW, THE CHARACTER CREATED AT DALY'S BY MISS LILY ELSIE.

6. M. GALIPAUX AS BARON POPOFF, MARSOVIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS, THE COMIC "OLD MAN" OF THE PIECE.

"The Merry Widow" has found its way to Paris, where it is being given at the Apollo Theatre, under the title "La Veuve Joyeuse." "The Merry Widow" had its first performance on any stage on December 30, 1905, in Vienna. The first English performance was at Daly's on June 8, 1907; the first American performance at the Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, New York, on Sept. 23, 1907. It was estimated that up to April 1 of this year it had been played 18,000 times. At that time, it had been given in 422 German cities and towns, 135 English cities and towns, and 155 American cities and towns.—[Photographs by Bert, Paris.]

FURNISHING FOR ROYALTY.

MONARCHS create fashions. The vogue of a "period" is in nearly every case an outcome of the style favoured by the contemporary ruler. The styles named respectively after Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize are the decorative fashions which those monarchs patronised. Of course great

the personal directions of their Majesties. They have also decorated the royal saloons on the L. and N.W., the Great Northern, the North Eastern, South Eastern, and other railways.

The German Emperor was so pleased with the *Victoria and Albert* that he put the decoration of *Meteor III.* in Waring's hands, and subsequently gave orders for them to do the principal rooms on the battle-ship *Deutschland*, respecting which he sent a complimentary telegram to the head of the firm. It is a matter of public record that when the Emperor visited Waring's Galleries at the end of 1908 he was greatly interested in the Model House furnished for £200, and ordered a replica of it to be sent to Berlin as an object-lesson for his subjects. In addition to important work for H.M. Queen Victoria of Spain, Waring's were called upon to rebuild, decorate, and furnish a palace near Madrid for the Princess Eulalie. Prince Nicholas of Greece also entrusted them with the decoration of his palace. Another important order was that of the King and Queen of Italy, whose country palace was beautifully decorated by Waring's. Mention must be made of yachts for the King of Roumania, Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive of Egypt, as well as an imperial state-barge for the former. Besides the royalties already named, Waring's have executed work for the King of Spain, the Prince of Wales, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Norway, the Queen of Portugal, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice.

Turning to the East, the Indian potentates are determined to be in the forefront of the new decorative movement, and although Oriental tastes lean to greater opulence of colour and ornament than those of the West, in the hands of Waring's this preference has been catered for with discretion. The Maharajahs of Kapurthala, Indore, Nepal, Baroda, Alwar, Cooch Behar, and Tipperah have had, or are having, their palaces decorated by Waring's, largely in the European styles, the French taste being freely employed with brilliant results.

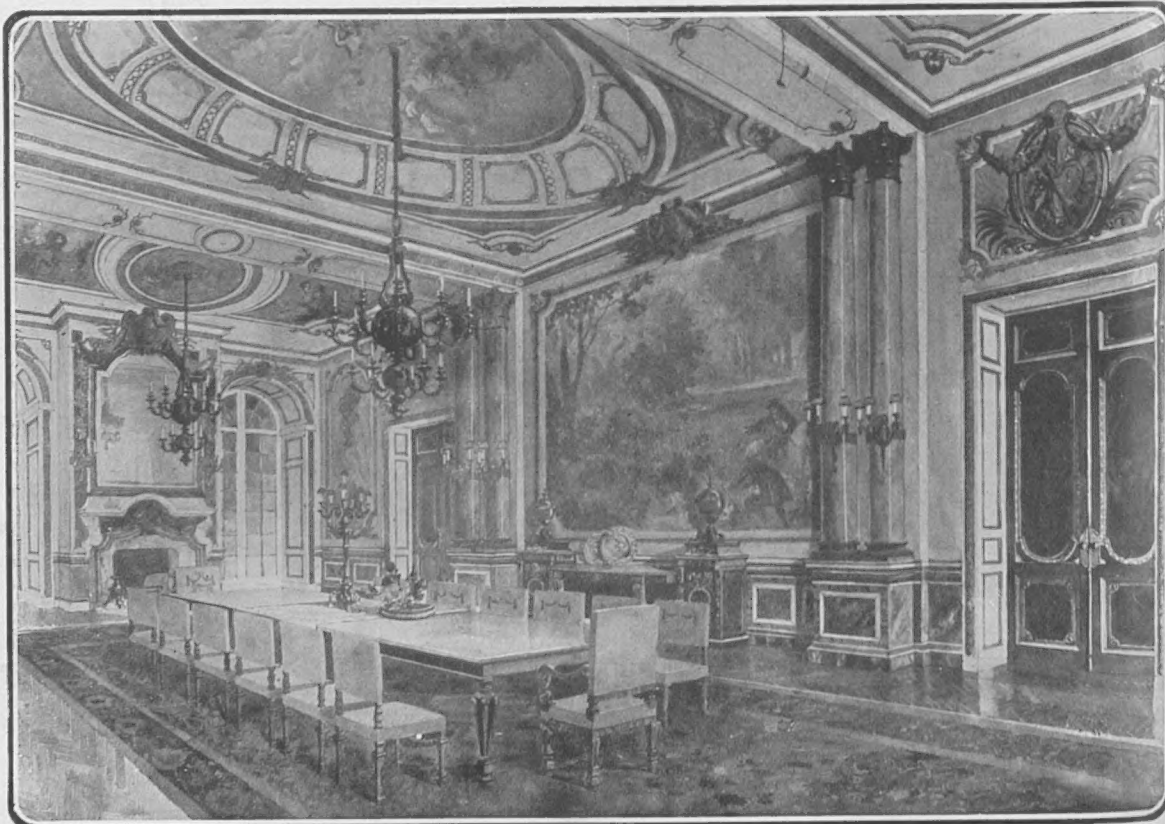
It is quite within the mark to say that there is no other firm in existence with such a record of royal and imperial work. It tells its own tale. And it is a most interesting point that so far as European royal patronage goes, the ruling taste is averse from anything in the nature of lavish display. Exquisitely simple mouldings in many cases are the only kind of ornament permitted. The colour-schemes are almost entirely devoid of the obtrusiveness of pattern. This



GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S ROYAL SALOON, FURNISHED BY WARING'S.

designers originated the styles; but without royal support it is certain that we should never have heard so much about them. It is important to remember this, because the style approved by King Edward to-day may hereafter be known as "Edwardian." Posterity determines these questions of nomenclature. No one can say now positively that the simple and refined adaptations of Sheraton and Adam which Waring's have installed in the King's residences under his special guidance will hereafter constitute an "Edward VII. style"; but there is pretty good reason to think that they will.

The royal patronage commenced with the late Queen Victoria, for whom Waring's decorated and furnished the royal apartments at the Hotel Regina, Cimiez. Afterwards they were commissioned to decorate the Queen's yacht, but it was hardly ready for use when her death rendered necessary considerable changes. The Waring leaning to refinement, quiet harmony of colour, simple but good form, and reticence of ornament found an enthusiastic champion in His Majesty, who, when Prince of Wales, had taken a great interest in the fitting out of the *Ophir* for the Duke and Duchess of York's tour; and the employment of refined eighteenth-century treatments was in such accordance with his taste that when, later on, he had the *Victoria and Albert* refitted, he selected Waring's to be the decorators. In addition to their work on the royal yacht, Waring's were commissioned to decorate the private apartments for the King and Queen in Windsor Castle. The problem there was to deal with a Gothic building already decorated in the Early Victorian style. The difficulties were grappled with in a thorough spirit and with gratifying results, especially in her Majesty's room in the Empire style, and in the Royal Boudoir, where the style of Marie Antoinette was employed as a background to Louis Seize furniture. At Sandringham also Waring's have executed a good deal of important decoration and furnishing under

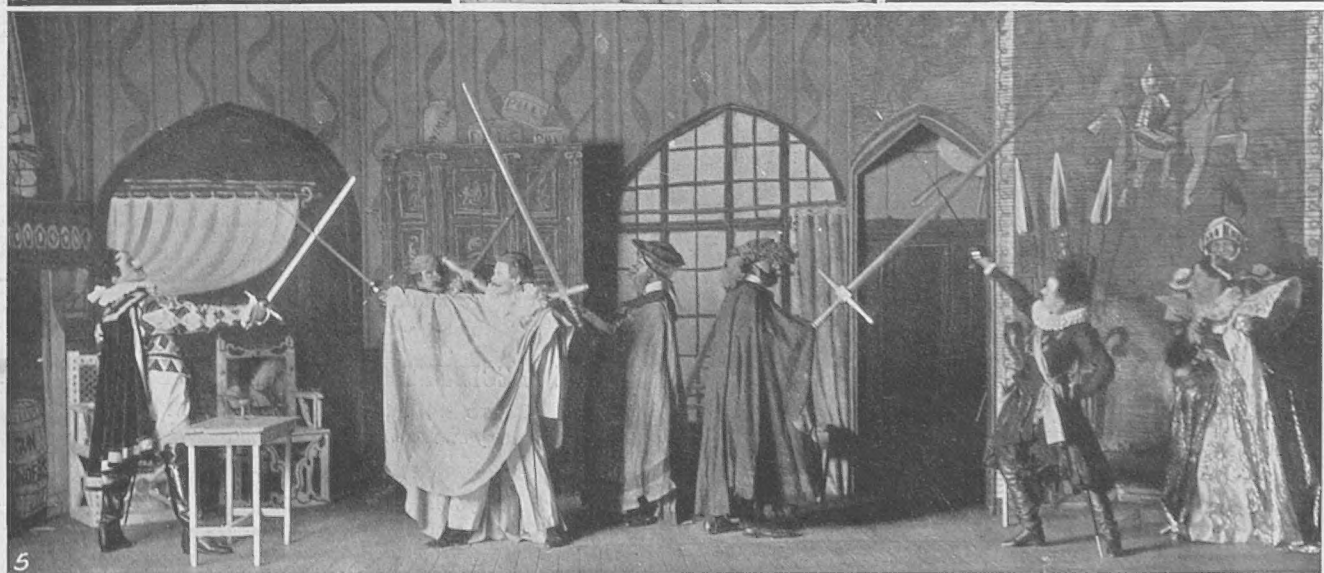


MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA'S PALACE: THE LOUIS XIV. BANQUETING-HALL, DECORATED AND FURNISHED BY WARING'S.

influence of refinement is extending to less exalted homes, and at the same time there is an equally important educational levelling-up process going on; and between these two influences, in both of which Waring's are taking an important part, a definite decorative style is being evolved which will, without doubt, be permanently associated with the present reign.

THE DESICCATED DRAMA: POTTED PLAYS

AT THE APOLLO — PELISSIER BRAND.



1. "HENRY OF NAVARRE": HENRY IS ABOUT TO DRINK FROM THE POISONED CUP HANDED TO HIM BY CATHERINE DE' MEDICI WHEN THE STONE IN THE RING ON HIS FINGER TURNS GREEN, AND SO WARNS HIM OF HIS DANGER.
2. MR. PELISSIER AS MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS JACQUES BRACHARD IN "SAMSON,"
3. MR. PELISSIER AS Mlle. MARGERINE, DREAM-DANCER.
4. MR. DOUGLAS MACLAREN AS MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, AND MR. PELISSIER AS MR. BOURCHIER IN "SAMSON."
5. "HENRY OF NAVARRE": A FIGHT.

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May 26, 1909.

Signature.....

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

From Paris—a Bit Late.

epoch-makin' things have happened, I've invented, worn, and discarded three entirely new collars, and killed the green dumphat, so far as civilised men are concerned—it is now the rage among dramatists—I cocked an admirin' and suspicious eye upon the skimpy, flat-both-sides style of dress which made its appearance in the Rue de Rivoli. I was in Paris last May for a change of petrol, d'y'see, and a change of actin', bein' then, as I am now, quite fed up with the actin' we have to put up with in London. I had an impossibly perfect suite of bachelor rooms at the Ritz—so perfect, so pink-and-white and spindly and silky and springy as to be dangerous to an artistic temperament, and—I think I'd much better jump into another sentence quickly. What?—I spent my days watchin' the quick change that came over the feminine portion of Paris; and every hour, every minute, the skimpy dress became more skimpy, the large hat more and more large. I say that that was a year ago; but it has taken, as usual, twelve whole months for London to follow the Paris example. She has, however, followed it whole-hog—if you follow me—so far as dress, hat, shoes, and—if you will permit me to say so—stockings go. Of face I will speak later, when almost winded. I went, being in training for 'Ascot—I am goin' to wear a very tweezy series of waistcoats on the Heath that demand slimness—the whole length of Regent Street to-day, on the sunny side, between four and five, and but for the patriotism of the women's faces, the delicious noiselessness of our most noisy street, and the foolish lack of bright uniforms, highly coloured kiosks, and other tin shelters, might have been in Paris. Not a woman but was French. Not a woman without the sandwich dress cut thin, the freak hat, the high-heeled shoes with cloth insertions, the ventilated stockings. Not one. Mayfair, W., and Tooting, S.W.—all French, all hoppin' along, highly pleased and naughtily good, just dressed and that's all.

The English Spirit.

In my newly discovered way I studied these respectable creatures as closely as good taste permitted. I was what is curiously called highly pleased. Once more, in the face of great temptation, the English spirit came out—the good old English spirit, which imitates but does not emulate, made

itself felt. Every woman who passed me would have passed for a Frenchwoman back view, and every one was unmistakably English when one saw her face—or nearly every one. The effect is frightfully worthy, but gorgeously idiotic. Here are all our women, every blessed one, Rue de Rivoli and Montmartre as to dress; Brook Street, High Street, Kensington, and Tooting Bec as to face. French? They are no more French than is a bulldog

made up like a poodle. They are all—I say all, what?—self-conscious in their frocks, and quite unable to hold them up in the true Gallic manner. They make grave mistakes in this respect. They wear their washing-basket hats, wastepaper-basket hats, at just the wrong angle—that is to say, at no angle at all. They have never heard of the angle *à la Merveilleuse*, which comes as natural to a Frenchwoman as eating asparagus without contortions or self-consciousness. They stump too, or swing, instead of walkin' without movin', in that queer, silent, slightly-bent-forward, slithery way that is so peculiarly French. And as to face—I think one ought to be allowed to say, with both hands up, palms extended, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" at this. Don't you agree? If you don't, say so. I shan't hear.

And the French, Where is the b'Jove! soft

pallor, the velvety pallor of the complexion, where are the perpetually arched black eyebrows, the suggestion of shadow beneath the eyes, that are capable of openin' very wide in innocent astonishment and closin' very slowly, the question answered? Where the full, red lips that send our novelists into thousands of words and our subalterns headlong to the Jews? They are not, so to speak. Very much not. They cannot be bought, cannot

be achieved. They are all the particular gifts of the women of La Belle France. We—I am speaking on behalf of the matrons and soon-to-be matrons of England, dear things—can't, and if we could, won't, attempt these things. Some of us do—oh! lor', yes—use the brush and the puff and the tiny pot. But the effect is Academy, not Salon des Arts. It is merely and horribly R.A.-ish, if you follow me—heavy, palpable. It is not delicate, cool, insolent, elusive—in a word, French. I feel I'm goin' it, but how can I help it? I feel I'm bein' very dangerous, but what's a patriot who has taken to literature to do when goin' on to an important Imperial matter such as this is? I ask you—and I suppose I may. What?



THE CREATOR OF ELIZABETH: MRS. ELINOR GLYN, WHOSE "ELIZABETH VISITS AMERICA" IS DUE FOR PUBLICATION TO-DAY (THE 26TH).

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios. (See page 9 of Supplement.)

THE CLUBMAN

The King's Autumn "Cure."

I am amused to see that the battle of the watering-places to secure King Edward as a guest this August has already commenced. I thought that Austrian ill-humour would not long outlast the spring, and already the Marienbad hotel-keepers and doctors are buzzing like angry bees at the rumours that he may go elsewhere. What

Marienbad says is that there is no necessity that our King should meet the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl, but that the waters of their town have proved so beneficial to the British Sovereign that it would be ungrateful of him to go elsewhere. Brides-les-Bains has put in its claim, in some of the French papers, for English recognition. Its doctors point out that its waters are very similar to those of Marienbad, and the organisers of its amusements lay stress on the Entente Cordiale and promise a very friendly welcome. Evian-les-Bains is quite sure that its waters, in addition to doing all that Marienbad ones can do, would cure the occasional hoarseness to which the King is subject; and Homburg holds out open arms, for it regards our King as one of its own children.

Kings at Watering-Places. While half the doctors in Europe

are shouting in print the virtues of the waters of various towns, his Majesty as yet has probably not given a thought to the matter of his autumn trip, for he leaves himself very much in his doctor's

fiercely to protect King Charles I. at Edgehill. William IV. it was who dressed them in their gilt helmets and white plumes and coatees and tightly strapped, broad-laced trousers. Her Majesty the late Queen took comparatively little interest in the corps, and appointments to it were in her day generally left in the hands of the Captain, who gets his appointment for the term of a Government. The King, however, takes very great interest in his Bodyguard; he inquires into the services of all candidates, and makes a personal selection. To be under fifty and to have seen service are two essentials, and to have many medals on his breast increases a candidate's chances. The Gentlemen-at-Arms have their own

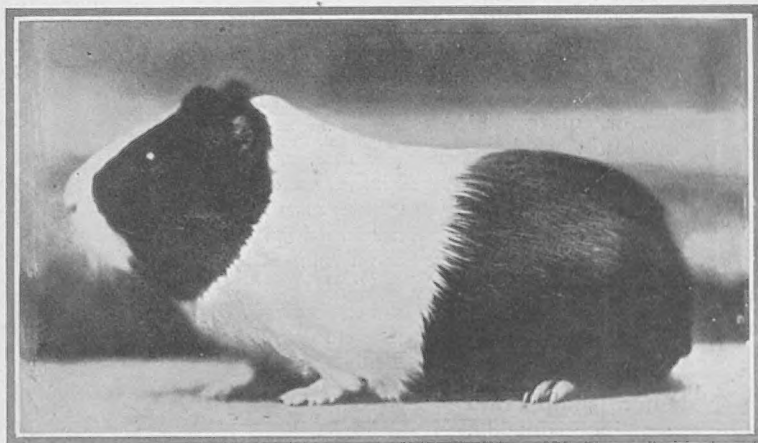


Photo, Clarke and Hyde.
THE "KING LEOPOLD" OR "FATHER CHRISTMAS" PINCUSHION: ONE OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES.
(See Page elsewhere in this Number.)

hands in these matters. I hope that his choice will not fall on Marienbad, for the Austro-Hungarians all through the past winter have been abusing the British as though they were pickpockets. A man who went to Tatra Füred, in the Carpathians, to toboggan told me that, though the Hungarians were quite polite to him personally, yet he lived all the time in an atmosphere of virulent hostility to England. The presence of a monarch at a Continental spa is of very great value not only to that town, but also to the country it is in. The King of Greece's annual visit to Aix-les-Bains causes tens of thousands of pounds to be spent in France; Contrexéville regarded the late Shah as one of its most valuable assets, and is now inquiring when it can expect a visit from the present Sultan; and if our King does not go to Marienbad this autumn many visitors, English, French, and American, will find that it is possible to have their livers mended somewhere nearer home.

The "Nearest Guard."

The members of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms were very much in evidence last week, when they celebrated their quatercentenary. I saw two of them in full war-paint crossing the Green Park to get to their club, and a band of small boys and girls went with them, looking up at their nodding plumes much as they would look up at a circus procession. King Hal established them, and Queen Elizabeth clad them in such gorgeous clothes that it cost a little fortune to enter the corps; they justified their name as the Bodyguard by fighting



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE LONG-HAIRED CAVY: MR. G. CRESSWELL'S BLACK DUTCH CAVY.

(See Facing Page.)

mess at St. James's Palace, and on their guest nights the company is always a distinguished one and the dinner is always a stately one. To be cook or mess-man to the Bodyguard is to be very high up in the hierarchy of the spoon and fork. If I mistake not, Edouard, of the Amphitryon in days gone by, and of Willis's in more recent times, now sees to the comforts of the gentlemen in gauntlets and gilt helmets. The Heir to the Throne is an occasional guest at the mess of the Bodyguard. On great occasions—such as that of the past week—they give their banquets in the picture-gallery of the palace.

Song in Parliament.

Themembersofthe opposing wings in the French Chamber of Deputies have been indulging in song. The Socialists sang that ferocious march-song, the "Internationale," and the Royalists replied with ditties regarding the return of the King, parallels to our old Jacobite songs. Not to be outdone, some of the Republicans started the "Marseillaise." The result was such a din that the President of the Chamber, after vainly ringing his bell, put on his hat, and thus suspended the sitting. The Marquis de Dion, who is a politician as well as an ardent motorist, subsequently introduced a resolution that all songs "injurious to the idea of patriotism" should be forbidden in the Chamber. This amused the light-hearted Deputés, for it acknowledged their right to sing all but certain songs. It is not an example to be copied by our M.P.s. They have punched each other's heads after the best Continental method, but as yet they have not burst into song. If they do, the Irish will probably start it with "The Wearing of

the Green," Mr. Lloyd-George's countrymen will join in with "The March of the Men of Harlech," the Scots will contribute "The Blue Bonnets are Over the Border," the Navy League Members will thunder out "Rule Britannia," and so on and so on.



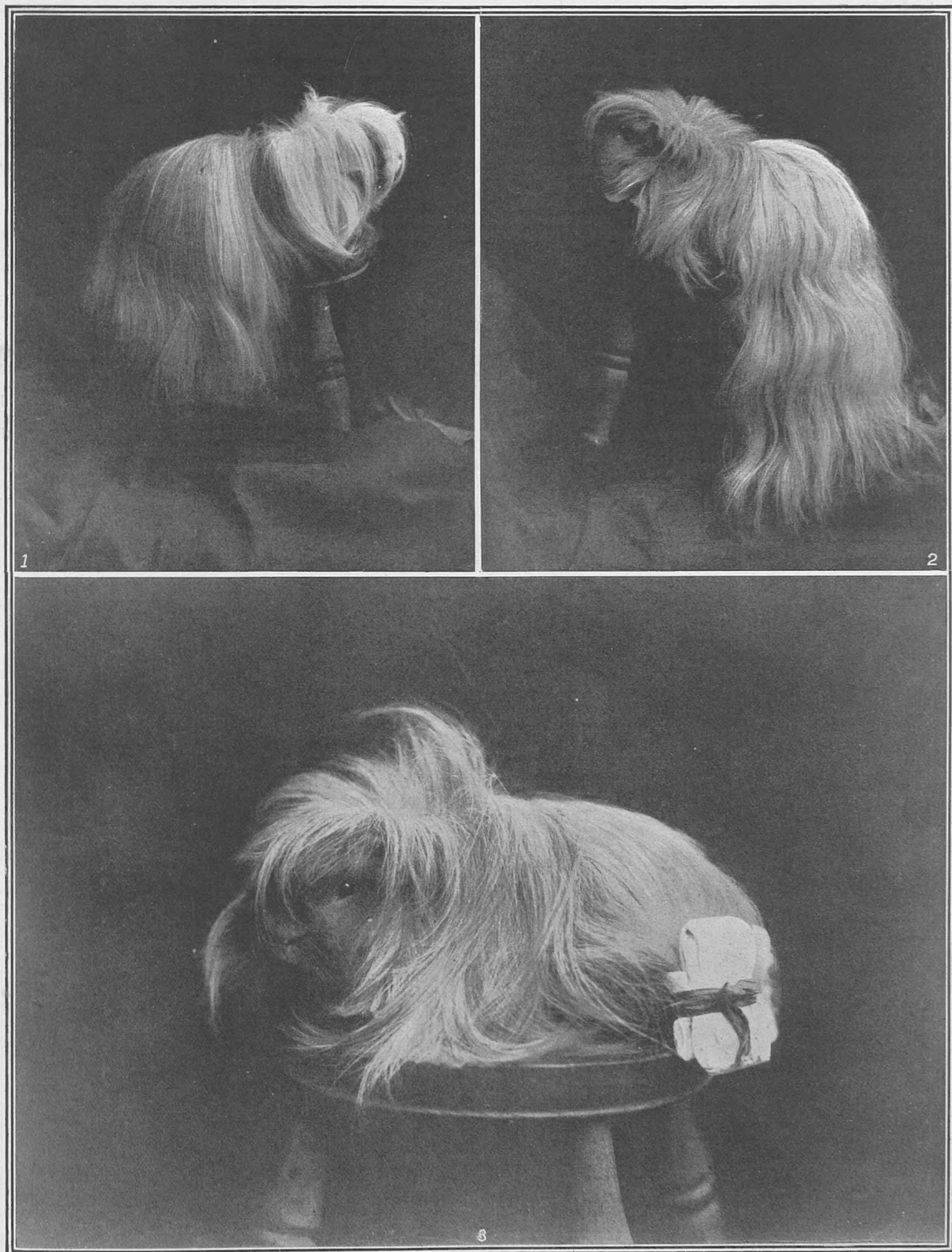
THE NO-TIP WAITER: ONE OF THE NEWEST MATCH-STANDS AND CIGARETTE-BOXES IN USE.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde. (See Page elsewhere in this Number.)

NOT A SKYE - TERRIER; MERELY A GUINEA - PIG.

A CAVY WHOSE "SWEEP" HAS TO BE TIED UP IN PAPER.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. THE PERUVIAN CAVY "SPECS," SHOWING ITS VERY LONG HAIR. 2. THE PERUVIAN CAVY "DINGO," WHOSE HAIR IS 20 IN. IN LENGTH.
3. WITH HIS "SWEEP" TIED UP IN PAPER: "DINGO" IN EVERYDAY LIFE, SHOWING HOW THE LONG HAIR OF HIS BACK IS KEPT FROM DRAGGING IN THE DUST.

These remarkable cavies, a species of guinea-pig, are the property of Mrs. Hubert Grogan. Many years ago a rough-haired cavy was given to the "Zoo." This bred with smooth, and founded the Peruvian varieties. It was thought a wonderful thing when the hair of rough-haired cavies attained a length of 6 in., yet Dingo's tresses are 20 in. in length. After a show Peruvian has attained the age of four months, its "sweep" (as the hair that grows at the back is called) is tied up in paper, that it may not get in the animal's way and that it may not drag in the dust. Every day the tissue-paper is undone, and the hair is brushed with the greatest care. Dingo's hair is of a beautiful golden red, and very fine in texture. He weighs 50 oz.—about 10 oz. more than the average.—[Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 by W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

SMALL TALK



A CHARMING YOUNG MEMBER OF SOCIETY: MISS ETHEL LITTLETON. Daughter of Admiral Littleton and Lady Margaret Littleton.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

General Dyott. Sixty-three bottles of wine were disposed of at one meal by twenty officers, and the General and Colonel "were as drunk as drummers"—whatever that may indicate. The Prince, when he noticed that a companion failed to fill a bumper, would call out, "I see some of God Almighty's daylight in that glass, Sir; banish it."

The King's Cup. The signing of the pledge is but one of many manoeuvres of temperance. Even the King's cup of tea at Aldershot had something in it: it was sweetened and strengthened, not with the forbidden lump of sugar or the clandestine dash of dutiable liquor, but with good purposes. The General and officers of the Aldershot

GENERAL Sir Ian Hamilton little thought that he would stir a storm of indignation when he lightly told his tale of "drinks." He had already signed the pledge when he made his speech, and it was only the license allowed him as a poet that led him into exaggeration. His story, as it stood, took the memory back to the days when William IV. was a Prince and a soldier: "I never saw a man so completely drunk," recounts

(who fell in South Africa) wheeled his regiment into line and had the officers' call sounded. When they were beside him, he said, "Gentlemen, I have called you out to look at such a regiment of cavalry as you are unlikely ever to see again. Turn about and look at the regiment."

Lady de Ramsey. Just after Whitsuntide the marriage of Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox and Miss Hermione



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF LONDON HOSTESSES: LADY DE RAMSEY.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Fellowes will bring together a notable gathering, for both bride and bridegroom belong to the great nobility. Lady de Ramsey has long been one of the most important of London hostesses, for she has all the remarkable gifts which distinguish the daughters of the great house of Churchill. Royalty will almost certainly be present at the marriage, for Lord de Ramsey was for some time a Lord-in-Waiting to the late Sovereign, and Goodwood House has more often entertained our King and Queen than has any other ducal mansion. Lady de Ramsey is one of those practical people who make even their hobbies profitable. From the sale of puppies bred by her she was able to support and pay the salary of a village nurse in the neighbourhood of her beautiful Norfolk home, Haverland.



TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH: MISS JOAN BOWES-LYON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. ALFRED ERNEST PARKER, OF THE 10TH HUSSARS, IS TO TAKE PLACE IN JUNE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

command have seldom rallied around the tray of "five o'clock" in such force as they did the other day, when his Majesty visited their club house. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who was the host of the occasion, celebrates his fifty-first birthday to-day. In the same year, and on the same day, General F. W. Kitchener arrived upon the scene where Lord Kitchener, then eight years old, already flourished a wooden sword.

Up and At 'Em. "Give it 'em, Roberts!" Lord Wemyss was heard to say when the distinguished Field-Marshal rose the other day to rate the Lords for the deficiency of the British Army. The interjection was characteristic: words come readily to that nonagenarian tongue. "I have never seen his mouth shut," remarked an acquaintance who stood before Sargent's "Lord Wemyss" at Burlington House. In the picture the lips are tightly compressed, and that, perhaps, was the sitter's studio expression; but in every-day life the mouth is constantly mobile. At present it appears always to be saying, if not, "Give it 'em, Roberts!" at least, "Give it 'em, Wemyss!"

The Tribute. It is a week of regimental dinners, and the "sham army" is trying to forget Lord Roberts's betrayal in comforting speeches and turtle-soup. Evidence of martial proficiency is being sought for on all hands, and even Lord Roberts, before he entered into his partnership of pessimism with Lord Wemyss, said things of the British arms and arm-bearers that were not wholly discouraging. One of the nicest compliments ever paid to a regiment is now being recalled in the Service clubs. Twelve years ago Lieutenant-Colonel Scott-Chisholme



WIFE OF A REMARKABLE ARTIST: BARONESS VON ROSENKRANTZ.

The name Rosenkrantz is one to conjure with in artistic circles, for the Baron who bears that romantic name is a remarkable artist, his series of heraldic windows at Welbeck having attracted a good deal of attention, while many of his portraits bid fair to immortalise contemporary beauty, notably Lady Borthwick.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. EDMUND SELLAR NEXT OCTOBER: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The marriage of Lady Margaret Sackville and Mr. Edmund Sellar will be one of the most important October weddings, for both bride and bridegroom are popular among a large circle, and each is notably literary. Lady Margaret has written from childhood, and her dramatic essay, which was published last year, made quite a sensation.

Photograph by Marshall Wane and Co.

THE NO-TIP WAITER AND THE PIN-PRICKED PERSON.



1. A "MAN WITH BALLOONS" PINCUSHION.

2. A "MARKET - WOMAN" PINCUSHION.

3. A "TYROLEAN GUIDE" PINCUSHION.

4. A "STAGE BUTLER" WINE-TRAY.

5. A "CLOWN" CIGAR-BOX HOLDER AND CIGAR - LIGHT.

6. A "WAITER" SPIRIT-BOTTLE HOLDER AND ASH-TRAY.

These curious figures are the latest form of freak pincushion and dumb-waiter. The ingenuity of their maker will no doubt appeal to a good many people who like such things. (SEE "THE CLUBMAN.")

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY:
MRS. ULRIC THYNNE.

Photograph by Bassano.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

DUKES as "sharp chaps" are quite a new creation. The character, though modern, is mainly mythical. The Duke of Norfolk, who has been put down as a cunning fellow who could get the better of a dealer, is really a much simpler person than most of us can afford to be. He has sold his Holbein for £60,000, which is at once labelled as worth £11,000 more; and if he had disposed of it twenty-five years ago, he would now have an additional £60,000 to his credit in the shape of interest

from one part of the country to another in rather rapid transits, Lord Denbigh is lucky to be a particularly good traveller; and he has been heard to boast that he can sleep as well in a railway-carriage as in the most comfortable bed at Newnham Paddox

His Highness. The first Sea Lord has a way of assuming command under all circumstances. Even when Mr. McKenna dons his braid and buckles, and puts his master's certificate—he is perhaps the first First Civil Lord to possess one—

on the original purchase-money. Instead, he lent the picture to the nation, which has had the sole benefit of it; for the Duke, I am told, has not once visited the National Gallery during the whole period of his wistful Milanese Duchess's detention there. The sequel to this enormous act of liberality is that he is set down as doing a shabby act in selling a canvas that he might have sold with perfect impunity had he kept it closeted at Arundel all these years.

Give the Duke his Due. Is the Duke of Bedford another of these cunning Dukes? Some suppose so, or we should not have the demand for an inquiry into the full measure of his designs upon the public purse in the case of the Thorney estate. If a Duke keeps his land, he is an object of suspicion; and if he sells it, even to the nation, for the benefit of his tenants, he is equally so. That is a little hard on Dukes. Let us give even the Duke his due!

Fifty Up. Lord Denbigh, who keeps to-day the golden jubilee of his birth, is a man of even more than fifty activities. He likes soldiering, which he once successfully practised. He writes a rattling good letter, and some future historian who has access to the Denbigh papers will light on letters the present Peer sent home from the fields he fought upon, and find in them better records of those "little wars" than, perhaps, any others that are extant. Lord Denbigh's connection with the Honourable Artillery Company keeps his military memories green. As a Lord-in-Waiting, when his friends are in office, he is very happy "on duty," duty being

a word he loves. To him that service of his Sovereign is not at all well described in the words of a Peer who declined the post, as "loitering in draughty passages and running errands like a dog." In agriculture Lord Denbigh has sweet dreams as well as labours and investments. He is sure that England can grow her own sugar from beet, and he has a vast acreage of that ruddy root. As his duties and interests take him

vote in the matter—was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's statement that no man ever was in love with a woman of forty since the Deluge. Robert Browning, George Meredith (who said that Penelope must have been an oldish woman), and—may we add?—the Prince of Wales have thought otherwise.

To-day is the Princess of Wales's birthday, and she will spend it with a family that certainly does not share in prejudices against the forties. Last night the Prince of Wales presided at a regimental dinner, but if to-day he finds himself at a table to which ladies, and even children, are admitted, it is because he has spared no pains to keep himself free for the household celebrations when cakes, and cousins, are the order of the day.



A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE, THE
HON. NORAH MCGAREL-HOGG.

Photograph by Lafayette.



BARONESS DE WALDNER.

The Strong Man. It was a bygone Ministry that provoked a fair lady to complain that office was most unbecoming, on the ground that a Government is often too busy to stretch its legs in healthful exercise. And yet Palmerston, it is said, rowed and swam for three hours every day before breakfast, and Peel mounted his horse once too often. Now Mr. Haldane, having been told that his habit had become too sedentary, has taken alarm—and exercise. Knowing no other way, he walked—for eighteen hours he walked, and yet would not despair. And in the end he reached Brighton, tired but triumphant.

Fortytude. Quite against the opinion of mankind—and men, after all, have the casting



MME. GEORGES KOHN.



PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

IMMORTALISED BY
FLAMENG:
BEAUTIES PAINTED
BY A GREAT
FRENCH ARTIST.

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HAIR THAT IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD:
WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY IN ITS MOST GLORIOUS FORM.



A HEAD OF HAIR THAT WAS NECESSARY TO A STAGE ENGAGEMENT: MISS RILEY AS THE HARLENE GIRL,
IN THE EMPIRE REVIEW, "COME INSIDE."

Without in any way reflecting on the abilities as an actress of Miss Riley, it may be said that her very beautiful hair played a considerable part in securing her an engagement for the part she is now playing in the Empire Review. This is by no means to say that Miss Riley depends on her hair alone; indeed, she is well known in Australia, and is evidently destined to be equally well known here.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

"Wot Isn't His'n." A touch of piquancy has been added to the sale of the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein by the suggestion that the noble owner is but possessor-for-life of the work, and that neither the dealers nor the nation have any right to buy the picture. Probably the Duke knows his own business better than the rest of us can tell him. But, of course, funny things have

happened before now in buying and selling. It is specially interesting in this *Dreadnought* era to recall that, when the country was earlier wanting a Navy, they sold Hyde Park. Needless to say, it was in the time of the Commonwealth. The people's pleasaunce was cut up, like a building estate, into three lots, and sold for a total of £17,000. The sale was effected by Act of Parliament dated Dec. 31, 1652. The queer point is that at the Restoration, when the purchasers of the park were compelled to restore it to the Crown, the lever used was the argument that the sale had never been ratified by Parliament.

Cheap Treasure.

According to one authority, an illegal act may have been committed by the demolition of Arundel House. This, it is urged, may have been included in the entail of the estates of the Duke of Norfolk. Be that as it may, a select few must have rejoiced at the downcoming of the mansion. One such met a navvy at a London station carrying a marble head in his hand. The navvy, upon being questioned, said that he wanted a sovereign for it. He had got it, he said, when at work demolishing a house in Surrey Street. The questioner willingly paid the sovereign, and popped off to the British Museum with his treasure. It proved to be a fine Parian marble head of a Greek athlete. Lord Arundel, the collector, had an enormous quantity of antique relics carried up the Thames, and stacked in his garden to await sorting. The treasures were overlooked, and, when the garden was cut up, were sold for building-materials! The head bought for a sovereign of the housebreaker was one of the Arundel marbles.

Diction for Infants.

The Prince of Wales, in opening the International Congress of Applied Chemistry tomorrow, may possibly wish good-luck to Mr. Francis Galton in his attempt to bring about a reform in the nomenclature of science. Mr. Galton flings his weight against a word in chemistry—"Dimethylbutanetricarboxylate." A right ample word for inclusion in speeches taken down by stenographers in speed contests. We ought to add one or two from natural history, never forgetting such gems as *Pseudoterritelariæ* and *Pseudolamelli-branchiata*; and then judiciously mix in a few yards of the names which describe flowers so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible, and get the gardener to mouth these latter over. Thus tuned up, we can go on to quite elementary studies, and take, say, a brief, bright, and brotherly description of sponges, which, as we are all in the

habit of saying, are "organised bodies, permanently rooted, un-moving and irritable, fleshy, fibro-reticular or irregularly cellular, elastic and bibulous; composed of fibro-corneous axis, often interwoven with siliceous or calcareous spicula, reproduced by gelatinous granules called gemmules." And yet the *Times* would have us believe that the literary mind shudders away from the thin alpine air of the scientific world. Thin!!

Psychists should look out to-day for the shade of a man who went to see the Derby and walked back before the race began. Moncure Conway went to see the race. It was a fine opportunity for observing Englishmen in bulk. He was there hours too soon, but was happy. He rioted round the side-shows; saw the marvels in jockey outfit who sell the tips, admired the impudence of all the other tricksters with thimbles and with cards, and other paraphernalia of villainy; paid his way into all the show-booths, and carefully examined the gipsies. Then he thought of home and set out for it. On his way he met an unbroken procession of vehicles laden with beanfeasters bound for the course. They jeered hysterically as they saw him making a bee-line for the station. When he got there the station was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. All the staff had followed the crowd to witness the Derby. Then he suddenly remembered that the Derby which he had gone forth to see had not yet been run. He did not see it.

The Fool and His Money. It would be interesting to compare to-day's crowd at Epsom with that depicted in Mr. Frith, R.A.'s famous "Derby Day." Motoring women, in their

new "Dolly Vardens," would afford a link between the head-gear of to-day and that of the women whom the artist painted. But what a change in equipages! The car has come and the coach has gone, or is going. We have left it for an American millionaire to re-discover, much as we are to leave London Bridge for a certain enterprising New Zealander. Possibly the tragic side of the event differs little from year to year. Mr. Frith went out for romance, and witnessed tragedy grim and horrible. The Derby had been run, and men flocked to the refreshment-booths to celebrate or to soothe. At a table which the artist noted sat a man with more rings upon his fingers than fingers upon his hands. A mammoth pie was placed before him, and he took up a knife. Instead of the pie it was his throat into which he plunged the blade. No, it was no reflection upon the pie. "The fool's lost his money," a casual onlooker mentioned.



HOW TO USE THE CHOP-STICKS: THE FIRST POSITION.

Writing in "Leslie's," Miss Harriett Quimby says of the chop-sticks: "Chop-sticks are indispensable in a Chinese restaurant, and they should be used to the exclusion of anything so un-Chinese as knives and forks. As the Chinese cut up all of their meats and vegetables into small slices, knives are unnecessary."



HOW TO USE THE CHOP-STICKS: SECOND POSITION.

—The managing of chop-sticks requires more dexterity than that of the tea-bowls, but it is worth while when accomplished, if for nothing more than to gloat over those who are hungrily, but vainly, trying to eat with them. Observing the scissors-like movement of the Chinese expert, who holds one stick between the thumb and forefinger, and the other between the index and fourth fingers, the problem will be easily solved."

RANK EGOTISM.



THE HUMANE MOTORIST (after having succeeded in his attempt to miss the hen): Near thing, that!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A Friar of Orders Gay.

It is not often that a carefully contrived disguise is discovered before it has been seen for a minute or two; yet once, to his chagrin, that happened to Mr. Allan Aynesworth (who has made so great a success in "The Earth" at the Kingsway) and an actor friend. It was in the early days of the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls, when he and his friend resolved to amuse themselves by going as friars, in which character they would be able to make appropriate remarks on the vanities of the world to the friends they saw there, while at the same time their identity remained undisclosed. They accordingly devised their make-up with great care, and, with tonsured heads and flowing beards and moustache, they could easily have appeared on the stage without being recognised. When they arrived at Covent Garden, with long cloaks over their robes and their cowls concealing practically the whole of the upper part of their faces, they naturally expected to pass undiscovered, if not unnoticed. As it happened, however, they had no sooner got into the vestibule than they saw several friends standing there, one of whom advanced and, slapping Mr. Aynesworth on the shoulder, said, "Hallo, Aynesworth!" and then, grabbing the hand of the other friar, he shook it cordially, with, "Hallo, old man!" A more disgruntled two than Mr. Aynesworth and his friend never hurried

through the door to the interior of Covent Garden Theatre; and they were by no means consoled by the fact that it was through no lack of skill on their part, but because the costumier and wig-maker had inadvertently given away their "make-up," that they had been recognised at once.

Refused a Part for Which She Was Wanted!

Few people outside the theatrical profession have any idea how fine is the line of demarcation between getting an engagement and losing it. It is vividly demonstrated by an episode which once happened to Miss Geraldine Olliffe, who is playing with such marked success in "The Prisoner of the Bastille," at the Lyceum. She had recently made a striking suc-

cess as a nervous, overborne, elderly spinster in "The Voysey Inheritance," at the Court—a part as unlike her present one of the Queen as could well be imagined or devised to show her versatility

and skill. Being anxious to remain in London, she obtained an introduction to the author of a play which was underlined for almost immediate production, and asked for an engagement. The author was all courtesy and all regrets, for he assured Miss Olliffe that nearly all the parts in the play had been cast, and there was nothing left to suit her. Anxious not to lose even the ghost of a chance of work, Miss Olliffe explained that she was willing to play even a small part. "As a matter of fact," the author replied, "there is only one part left, and for that I want one particular woman." "I wonder who she is," exclaimed Miss Olliffe. "I will tell you," replied the author genially, as though to prove that he was not refusing the engagement needlessly. "I cannot tell you her name, but the woman I want is the one who played the nervous spinster in 'The Voysey Inheritance.'" Miss Olliffe smiled. "It was I who played the part," she replied. Before she left, it was practically settled that she should have the part in the play in which "there was nothing that would suit her." And she acted it at the Comedy Theatre.



A CARICATURIST CARICATURED BY HIMSELF:
MR. ERNEST H. MILLS, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE
PALACE THEATRE.

Mr. Mills has met with considerable success at the Palace and elsewhere as a lightning caricaturist and art humourist.

The Bath was His Bed. Mr. F. Pope Stamper, who, after playing in "The King of Cadonia," has recently been acting at the Palace with Miss Valli Valli, was once the hero of a comic incident in which there was that element of grimness, if not of tragedy, which so often intensifies the humour of a situation. He was playing the principal baritone part in a musical comedy on tour, and he arrived in a certain town in which, after a good deal of trouble, he found some suitable rooms in a rather rambling house. He was suffering from a very severe cold, and as he did not wish to be out of the bill the next (Monday) evening, he thought he would adopt the grandmotherly remedy of greasing his nose with tallow, taking some hot whisky-and-water, and putting his feet in hot mustard-and-water. On going to bed he therefore had a tubful of hot water put in his room, and added a liberal quantity of mustard. After a little while, however, he got tired of the mustard-and-water treatment, and decided to put the tub out of his room. Then he thought he would pour the water away, and as it was very late and everyone was in bed, he crept up to the bathroom with the tub, opened the door very quietly, and threw the mustardy water into the bath. He had not lighted a candle, so he could not see what he was doing, and was guided only by feeling the edge of the bath. As he poured the water in, instead of the splash he expected, he heard only a quiet, gurgling sound. Then came a yell. He started back in amazement as he thought he had, after all, mistaken his bearings and had gone into somebody's bed-room and upset the water on the bed. He therefore dropped the tub and fled. Before he reached his own room, however, he discovered the thushness of the why. It appeared that when the house was full the landlady's little henpecked husband slept in the bath!



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE APACHE DANCE, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE EMPIRE: M. MAX DEARLY AS MERCURY IN "ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS."

M. Max Dearly, the well-known Parisian comedian, and the originator of the famous Danse des Apaches, is to appear at the Empire on the 10th of next month. M. Dearly speaks English exceedingly well. The Apache dance is already being given, of course, by Miss Beatrice Collier and Mr. Fred Farren, and this popular item of the programme will not be changed.

Photograph by Cantina Berger.

cess as a nervous, overborne, elderly spinster in "The Voysey Inheritance," at the Court—a part as unlike her present one of the Queen as could well be imagined or devised to show her versatility

THE DEAD HEART.



THE REJECTED ONE: And is this great love of mine to be cast aside?
SHE (*wearily*): You might have it stuffed!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Of Fiends.

Reader, do you know any fiends in human shape? Yes? But it is likely that, if you think over the matter quietly, you will find that they are merely people you don't like, or people who have got the better of you somehow. By fiends I suppose we mean, strictly, beings who do harm to their fellows for the sheer love of doing harm. Now, there are people in the world, undoubtedly, who love to bully their fellows because that flatters their self-importance or sense of power; there are even people who are cruel, to whom it gives a horrible pleasure to inflict physical pain. The former are all too common, but the latter are rare, and to explain them would need an unpleasant essay in pathology. But of people who inflict mere harm for the sake of harm, who love evil for its own sake, as we say, I doubt if there is any record. We might find it easier to explain the world if they existed, just as the old-fashioned Devil explained a great deal, whereas now—but I must not write theology. Only they don't exist. You have never met a man who went about ruining widows and orphans, or separating husbands and wives without any other motive than the pleasure of ruining and separating; he wanted to make money or was an interfering bungler. But since the word "fiend" is a good word, and it is a pity to lose it, we may as well keep it and apply it to people who do great harm for a very inadequate motive. You may call a man a "fiend" who deliberately ruins thousands of people, or causes widespread hardship, or even starvation, to make some dirty money: *he* exists, more's the pity. Or you may call a woman a "fiend" who tries to ruin a man's life because he rejects her advances: we have heard of Mrs. Potiphar. But whether because human nature is not so bad, or because there is a lack of opportunity, even those fiends are extremely rare, and, as I said, I doubt if you have any acquaintances worth calling fiends.

The Fiend in Fiction.

They are extremely rare in life, but they abound in fiction. Especially the female fiend. I hope you won't despise me if I confess that I take in a halfpenny daily paper, and as a general rule take a look at the serial story. I can't help it, even if I forfeit all claim to superiority for ever. The paper is generally dull, and the story isn't; sometimes the excitements are really contrived with most ingenious frequency, one a day at the least. The stories vary in merit, but they nearly all contain a female fiend, generally a lady of the most stupendously luxurious habits and surroundings, who makes war on the simple heroine for her own sinister ends. In the story that beguiles my morning tea at present there is a lady with green eyes who—because she wanted a seventh motor-car or an extra big pearl or something: I forget the exact motive—murdered her husband on the off-chance of marrying a multimillionaire. An unpleasant lady, as it seems to me, who was always flying into rages and being rude, but described as fascinating by the gifted author: I hope he is going to make her catch it hot before

the end. There, by the way, is a point worth mentioning: I don't object to your fiends even if I don't believe in them, but I *do* insist on the moral satisfaction of witnessing their proper punishment, and I am too often balked of that; they are too often allowed to go off "with a mocking laugh," or something of the kind.

The Witch Fiend.

Female fiends appear in other works beside the daily *feuilletons*. There is a fine one in Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's latest novel, "The Half Moon" (Nash), which I have just finished. She is a witch. She does not go all the lengths of witchcraft described in the "Book of Witches" I wrote about the other week; she does not ride on a broomstick, or attend a Witches' Sabbath; but she does make a wax image of the man she hates, and says prayers backwards, and sticks pins in it, and melts it. Now, her motive for doing these things, with the object of torturing the original of the image, after she had tried in vain to get him hanged by treachery, was simply that he did not want to marry her. He had not "betrayed" her, or done her any harm at all except that negative one. I can't help wondering if Mr. Hueffer, as a serious psychologist, really believes in *spretæ injuria formæ* going quite so far: I don't say it is impossible, but I can't believe in it merely because I am told that the woman had a Moorish great-grandmother. As for the witchcraft, it is effectual: the man falls sick when the image is melted, and dies of an Indian arrow when it is stuck with a knife: if you are dull enough to call it coincidence, Mr. Hueffer leaves that open to you. The novel otherwise is of a rather familiar kind: it deals with a voyage of Henry Hudson, incipient mutinies and so forth, and is remarkably well written.

Mr. Hueffer's way, I wish some debating society would induce Mr. Hueffer and Mr. Newbolt to argue their respective theories of historical

romance and invite me to be present at the treat. Mr. Newbolt, as you ought, at least, to remember, is of opinion that, substantially, English people have always been the same, and that the best presentment of them is to make them talk like moderns: it is a taking theory, and as he carries it out has charming results. Mr. Hueffer goes in for archaisms, and insists on manners which are very far removed from ours. I refer to his "The Fifth Queen" and "The Fifth Queen Crowned," its sequel, which I have lately read and enjoyed very much. The "atmosphere" is violent, sinister, gloomy, brutal, quite unlike Mr. Newbolt's of two centuries earlier. There is hardly a "sympathetic" character in either book, though Catharine Howard's commands respect. The best achievement is, I think, the picture of Henry VIII., a bull of a man, but a credible man; though perhaps Mr. Hueffer hardly brings out—as he might have, to relieve us—the learned and artistic sides which Henry possessed. Both books are excellent reading, but I want to hear that argument.

N. O. I.



NINE O'CLOCK, AND A BRIGHT AND SUNNY MORNING.

Sketch of a Daylight-Saving Bill enthusiast at nine in the morning (OLD STYLE).

DRAWN BY COLLETT.

Two Novels in a Rutshell.

THE FAVOUR OF A LADY.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

MOLLIE was swinging to and fro in the hammock, with an extremely disagreeable expression on her face.

"Hullo," I said, "why aren't you playing tennis?"

She stared at me offensively but made no reply.

"Eh?" I insisted.

"Because my ankles are too thick," she muttered.

I looked at her in amazement.

"If you don't wish to tell me the reason," I said with some dignity, "you can avoid doing so without being either immodest, or—or untruthful." For, as I have said, she was swinging in a hammock.

Mollie was now smiling; she had been pleased to detect some germ of humour in her excuse.

"I've got the mizzies," she said with a touch of pathos.

"The—! What did you say?"

"The mizzies—miserables. Blues. The camelish growth."

"You'll hurt those words in a minute," I warned her, "if you're not careful."

"Huh!" said Mollie, collapsing into the bottom of the hammock.

"What's really happened, I suppose," I suggested, "is that you've had your eye wiped?"

"At tennis!" she cried indignantly, raising herself on her elbows.

"Don't be so infantile," I protested; "as if I meant tennis!"

"Oh," said Mollie, "you mean—"

"Just that," I assented.

She struggled into a sitting position.

"Do you think there's anybody in this hole who could? Honestly."

I looked at her meditatively.

"I haven't seen all the girls here yet," I said at length.

"No," said Mollie scornfully, "because the others only come out when it's foggy."

"How depressing for them," I murmured. "Well, if it's not what I said, what is it?"

"It's something quite different."

"Oho!" I said.

"Two in particular," continued Mollie, swinging her feet to and fro. "Neither of them will leave me alone."

"With the other?" I suggested. "You find it slow, don't you?"

"Oh, shut up," said Mollie; "I'm feeling rotten enough without your beastly jokes. I wish they'd both leave me alone. I wish everybody would leave me alone. For two pins I'd go into a convent. Don't you think it'd be nice in a convent?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but I don't know that you would. I'd try a simpler means of getting rid of my admirers: At first, anyhow. Wearing that green frock of yours, for example, or doing your hair over your ears, or—"

"You needn't be horrid," said Mollie coldly; "I know everything doesn't suit me. And I only did my hair that way once."

I said nothing. When one has nothing to say, silence is not always inadvisable.

Mollie glanced at me meditatively. Then she whistled a bar or two under her breath.

"Besides," she said, striving to look unconcerned, "it's not that which is worrying me, either."

"No?"

"No." She leant back in the hammock and swung herself gently to and fro. It was an even chance that she pitched over on the back of her head. I told her so.

"You'd have to pick me up if I did," she said, with a smile. "Would you mind?"

"I should not have warned you otherwise," I said.

"That's very rude and heartless of you," said Mollie, with a *moue*. "And I don't believe it. You only wish you had the chance. Only you're too mean to say so."

I refrained from comment, and presently she returned to her sheep—or lambs is, perhaps, an apter word.

"Did you ever read—? I forget the name of the book."

"Who's it by?"

Mollie wrinkled her brows for a reflective moment.

"I can't remember that either," she admitted frankly. "I was only a kid when I read it."

"If you knew the colour of the cover even," I murmured.

"However, I may have read it. I can't say definitely I haven't, anyhow. Why?"

"Nothing," said Mollie; "only . . . there was a girl in there, you know, who—I know you'll laugh, you're so mean." She had coloured ever so slightly, and avoided my eye. Mollie is essentially modern, and the intrusion of any save the most practical subjects into conversation distinctly discomposes her. Therefore, I guessed something of what she wished to say, and went to her rescue.

"Who had two supplicants for her favour—eh?"

Mollie nodded.

"Yes. And—and they fought (it was quite a kid's book, you know), and she promised the victor, the winner, you know, her—"

"Glove," I said hastily, because really some of these Court beauties were most indiscreet in selecting their favours.

"It was a bunch of ribbons, as a matter of fact," said Mollie, with a stare.

"It might have been worse," said I. "Well, what's the idea? Do you propose that—"

"They proposed it," interrupted Mollie in a muffled voice. Had I laughed I am convinced she would never have forgiven me.

"An excellent idea," I said therefore. "As a matter of fact, I believe there are some gloves in the house."

"Stupid," said Mollie recovering her composure, "it'll have to be my glove."

"Boxing-gloves I mean," I said mildly.

"As if they'll fight that way," said Mollie scornfully.

"You bloodthirsty little—" I began in horror.

"Don't be so absurd," she cried. "I'm going to make them play tennis. I've just made up my mind. That's what made me so wretched, worrying over what it should be."

"Tennis," I repeated; "and the winner, er, well, the winner wins, I suppose."

Mollie smiled in a superior manner.

"No," she corrected, "the winner loses."

"You see," she explained, "they're the two best players here. And they're about the same class."

"So that the loser must *try* to lose. Is that the idea?"

"Of course. That'll prove he really means what he says. They're both jolly conceited about their game, so it will be a sure proof that the loser thinks more of me than—than of just winning the game, you know. Especially as I shall make them both promise not to say why they've lost. Don't you think I'm clever?"

"Well, you're ingenious, anyhow," I admitted. "And when is this match coming off?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind yet," said Mollie. "I think the Rector's garden-party would be a good place, don't you?"

"The Rector's garden-party! When is it? I haven't heard about it."

"Well, I've said you're going, anyhow. So you must. His daughter's coming home—from France or somewhere. You must have heard. Do you think it will be a good place?"

"All places," said I, "seem to be equally suitable. And the Rector's presence will certainly have the additional advantage of enabling the loser to console himself."

"Console himself!" cried Mollie. "*Console himself with the Rector?*"

"I mean," I explained patiently, "console himself with the reflection—"

"I shouldn't go on if I were you," interposed Mollie coldly; "you're rather rude and a little silly. Besides, as if I should marry a couple of boys."

"I hope," I said severely, "that you wouldn't marry a couple of anything. One, at a time, is ample."

Mollie drooped her eyelids at me disdainfully, and refused to continue the conversation.

"By the way," I cried presently, struck by a sudden thought, "your scheme won't do at all."

"It's jolly well going to, anyhow," she said obstinately. "Why won't it?"

"Not if it's Miss Bessington's home-coming," I said. "She's a great tennis-player."

"How do you know? Oh, yes, you met her abroad, didn't you? What's she got to do with it, anyhow?"

"Well," I ventured, "for one thing, they won't like playing badly in front of her; and for another," I hastened to add—for my first reason appeared to be lamentably unconvincing—"if she knows they're our cracks she won't have much idea of our tennis."

[Continued overleaf.]

"To be quite candid," said Mollie—when she speaks in this literary style I find it advisable to avoid riling her further—"I haven't considered Miss Bessington in relation with my scheme."

She jumped out of the hammock and began to walk towards the house.

"And I'm not jolly well going to."

The Rector of Kingsbury had but recently been appointed to the parish, and his son and daughter, who had been wandering round the Continent for the past year or so, were to make their first bow on the occasion of the garden-party. They arrived, however, several days before this epoch-marking festival, and young Bessington inaugurated—it was to be hoped—a career of public usefulness by pulling Mollie out of a hedge and administering first aid to the—at that moment more than usually—decrepit motor-car which she claims as her own particular property. Having, as he declared, thoroughly repaired it, he pushed it home for her.

He recognised and greeted me with an effusion due, I imagine, less to our previous acquaintance than to the fact that Mollie, in or out of a hedge, merits something of the admiration she demands.

Despite, or it may be owing to, the fact that her car was incapable of running more than five hundred yards without undergoing lengthy, if not exhaustive repairs, Mollie continued to make use of its services.

My friendly inquiries as to the progress her tennis tournament was making received only vague and impatient replies. Nevertheless, from the settled look of gloom on the faces of the two local champions, which I ascribed to the forthcoming triumph of love over sport, I concluded that she had not seen fit to cancel her arrangement.

Mollie announced her intention of going in her car to the Rectory, and, with a not altogether disinterested kindness, offered to let me drive her. As I was anxious to meet Miss Bessington once again, I firmly, and I still hold politely, declined.

About an hour after my arrival Miss Bessington informed me

that she had certain responsibilities as a hostess, and further that she was anxious to see the game between our two champions.

Whether Mollie's presence would or would not have counteracted the effect of Miss Bessington and her tennis reputation I am unable to say. As, however, she wandered carelessly away with Bessington almost before the struggle between her two champions began, she missed seeing the hardest-fought set in the memory of the youngest inhabitant.

She did not appear again on the scene until the conclusion of the match—in time to hear Miss Bessington enthusiastically complimenting the players.

Despite the fact that Mollie is my cousin, I have somehow managed to retain some shreds of admiration for her. On this occasion she merited a whole piece. Except for the sparkle in her eyes, she appeared almost pleased, and the tone in which she added her congratulations was, at all events, sufficiently sweet to deceive an inattentive listener.

"Well?" I said, when I got her alone.

"Pigs!" she said viciously.

"Apparently," I remarked pleasantly, "they love honour more."

"Honour!" said Mollie scornfully. "They don't know the meaning of the word. They both gave me their word they'd lose."

"Well, one has kept his word," I pointed out; "that's a fair average, you know. He, at any rate, will get his reward."

"Certainly not," said Mollie sharply; "not under the circumstances."

"The circumstances are unchanged," I said judiciously; "only if they had both won would they be changed."

"I don't mean those circumstances," she explained, damaging the turf with the point of her sunshade.

"What others are there?" I asked in surprise.

"Others!" cried Mollie indignantly. "There's only *one*."

"Well, *it*, then. What is the circumstance?"

But as Bessington came up at this moment, my question received, and required, no answer.

A TYPE OF LOVE.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

MRS. WYVERN watched me from over the edge of her hammock. Reluctantly I put the tumbler on the ground and faced her.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, somewhat fretfully.

"I want your opinion," she said, fanning herself with the paper.

"That's remarkably nice of you," I murmured, flattered.

"But . . . why?"

"You needn't look so conceited. I'm only asking you because you happen to be a man."

"A happy accident," I said, well pleased.

"It's really a simple question," she informed me. "Of course, I know what you'll say."

"Then, why ask me?" I said mildly.

"Oh, well . . . all men have the same taste. Otherwise, why do you all go to the same theatre?"

"You argue very logically," I said admiringly.

"Women can always argue better than men," she affirmed boastfully.

"Yes," I assented cravenly.

"Still . . . what is your opinion?"

"Of what?"

Mrs. Wyvern gave a despairing sigh.

"What we've been talking about, of course. You are dull to-day. I believe it's the weather."

"It's good of you to put it down to that," I said gratefully.

"What's he been doing wrong now?" demanded a voice from behind. "I can see you've been lecturing him, Mrs. Wyvern."

"She's my good angel, Miss Prescott," said I. "Wouldn't you rather have my seat? She tells me all my faults; that's why we've always so much to talk about."

"I've been trying to get him to use his brains," cried Mrs. Wyvern, "and he won't."

"What is it," questioned Miss Prescott, with the air of one in quest of knowledge; "obstinacy, or . . .?"

"Here, I say," I pleaded in alarm, "not two of you!"

"Be quiet," commanded Mrs. Wyvern.

"I want him to tell us what sort of woman he likes best, and he won't."

"Oh, do!" cried Miss Prescott, her eyes dancing; "it would be so interesting."

"Really," I protested, "I'm no Paris. I am forced to like the women who like me."

"Don't you believe him, Elsie," cried Mrs. Wyvern. "If it was true he would have—"

"What?" I interrupted defiantly.

"Never mind; but you'll be sorry some day. When you get old, and fat, and bald—"

"You're remarkably bad-tempered to-day, Mrs. Wyvern," I protested; "I never heard before of marriage as either an anti-fat, or a hair-restorer, or—"

"Don't be silly. I meant you'd wish you had married before it was too late. However, you needn't tell me if you don't want to, because I know the sort of girl you like."

"Do split," cried Miss Prescott.

"You don't," I denied quickly, "because one doesn't generalise on such a subject. One may admire a certain type in the abstract, but then one never—unless one is a poet with a living to get—loves in the abstract."

"I suppose not," agreed Mrs. Wyvern, who really—with all charity—ought to know.

"But surely," murmured Miss Prescott, "we're not discussing love; isn't it the type a man *likes*?"

"*Likes*!" I cried scornfully; "a platonic term for love."

Mrs. Wyvern chuckled.

"Man," I went on, making the most of my opportunity, "is a creature of moods."

My listeners exchanged glances of wondering admiration.

"You're very clever," said Mrs. Wyvern.

"A lovable woman is not *one* of a type," I went on, much encouraged by this appreciation, "but the one who combines the most qualities of the various types. A good partner at tennis is all very well, but one doesn't marry her if she's no hand at anything else. In business it's the specialist who is in most demand, but in marriage it's the all-round person. That's where so many men come a cropper. They go out in a canoe with a girl who has specialised in the business, and come back engaged. And so he gets fed on cold mutton, and she loses his money at bridge."

I paused after this little harangue, and looked at Mrs. Wyvern suspiciously. She withdrew her hand from in front of her mouth in some confusion.

Immediately afterwards she found, or said, she was wanted in the house.

Miss Prescott and I sat in silence for a moment.

"So," she said at length, glancing at me from beneath her eyelashes, "so you don't admire any type of woman."

"No," I agreed, "I prefer the girl without a label."

"What a paragon she must be! I should just love to see her."

I took my cigarette-case from my pocket and handed it to her.

"Thanks, no," she said.

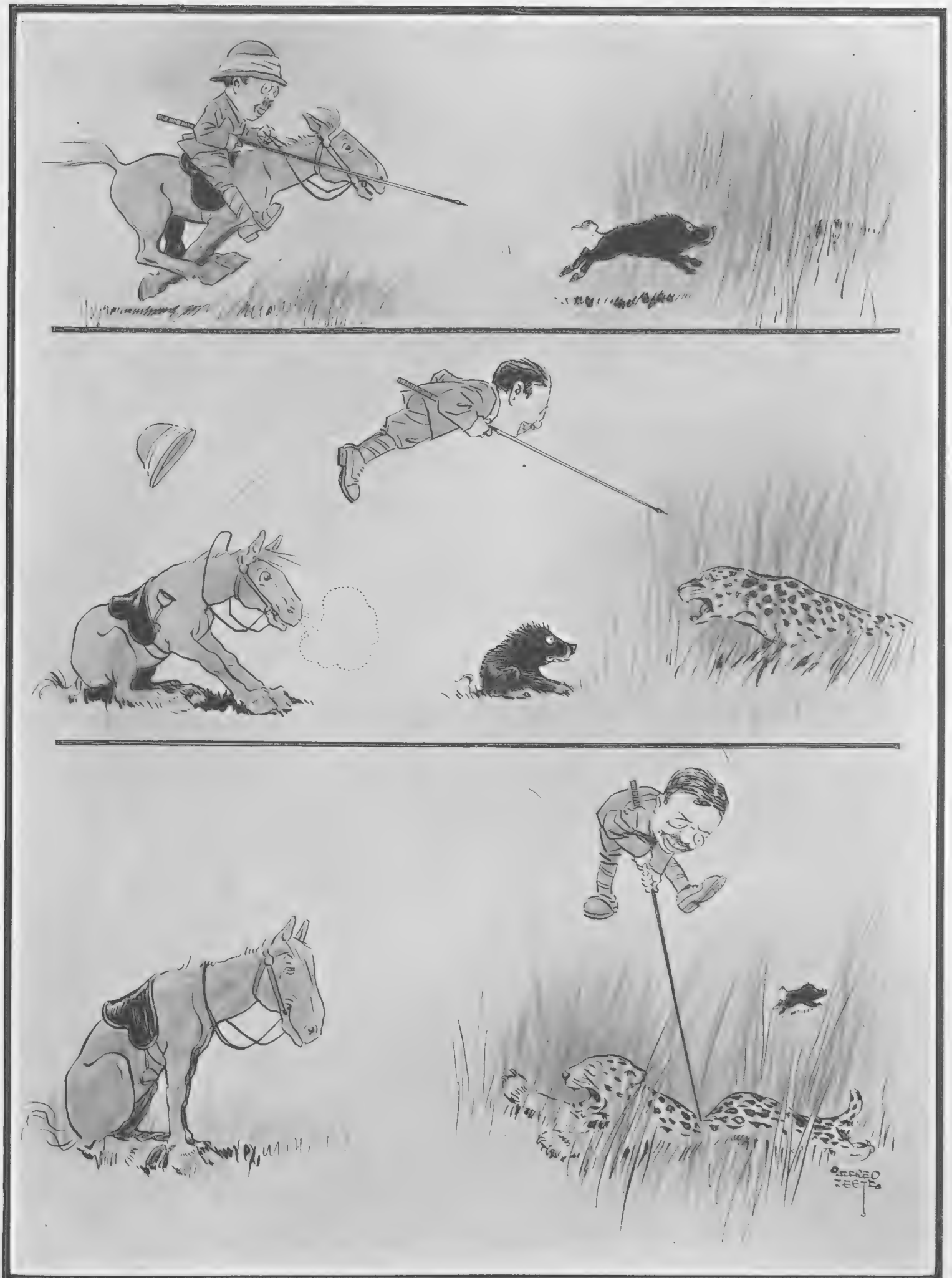
Then she glanced at the polished surface, and a vivid blush spread over her face.

"Oh," she cried comprehendingly.

And then, perhaps fortunately, Mrs. Wyvern came back.

THE END.

"THE SKETCH" ARTIST WITH MR. ROOSEVELT:
THE EX-PRESIDENT BOSSES A BOAR, BUT LANDS A LEOPARD.



1. SEEKING TO SMITE THE BOLTING BOAR, TERRIBLE TEDDY CAME.
2. EAGER TO EAT MEANDERING MAN, THE LUREFUL LEOPARD SAW.
3. MERRY TO MISS BOTHERSOME BOAR, THE NIMBLE NIMROD—CONQUERED.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

THE FINISH.

(THE BALLOON-RACING SEASON HAS NOW BEGUN.)

THE BALLOONATIC IN THE BACKGROUND: My race, I think, Sir.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

SIR JOHN GORST felt bound, "in honour and honesty," to relinquish his pension. Very different was the motive alleged by the second Lord Lauderdale for asking that his sixty pounds a day should be reduced to ten pounds. He was weary, he said, of being mine host to all Scotland. That is heartening proof for Mr. Lloyd-George that a sense of the poverty of riches is not brought to the wealthy for the first time by his Budget.

Customs and the Lady. Mrs. Potter Palmer was the only woman member of the National Commission for the Paris Exposition in 1900; she is a member of the Legion of Honour—she spells it Honor—and is in all things a woman of affairs. That they are mostly charming feminine affairs is

trunks. This the American visitor does not like, and, in consequence of complaints that have been lodged, it is probable that

he founded, are now thrust upon my shoulders. It is in memory of the most loving comrade in the world that I dedicate them to clean causes, such as those for which he would have had me fight. God grant me strength to be worthy of him whom I loved so much!" Mr. Robert Collier is as keen a sportsman as his father was; like his father, he is a man of pleasure and a man of business, more strenuous in both careers than ordinary mortals can be in either one; he has his polo ponies at Rugby and his summer retreat at Newport; he married a charming niece of Mr. W. W. Astor, and he is a familiar figure at the Carlton—the hotel and not the club.

Woman Maketh Manners. Lady Grove, in Mr. Wells's "Tono Bungay," is the name of a place in the country;



BUILT THAT THE VIEW FROM A HOUSE MIGHT BE IMPROVED:
THE RUINED "CASTLE" ON HAMPTON DOWN, BATH.

This "castle," which is nothing more than a battlemented wall, was erected some 150 years ago by Ralph Allen, a pioneer of the Bath Stone movement, that the view from his town house might be improved. It is the only "castle" built simply to please the eye. It is made of Bath stone.

Photograph by Mountstephen.

too dutiful spies will have to "get busy" on less objectionable lines.

"Collier's" New Editor.

Mr. Robert Collier succeeds his father, the late Peter Fenelon Collier, in the conduct of *Collier's Weekly*, the New York illustrated paper which has become famous for its inquisitions into the abuses of American public and commercial life. Filial piety dictates the terms in which young Mr. Collier informs his readers of his new responsibilities: "My father worked his way to success with his strong hands (as a carpenter, once, and at other humble, honourable tasks), and with his unflinching courage, and with his big, open, boyish heart. This business he built, this paper

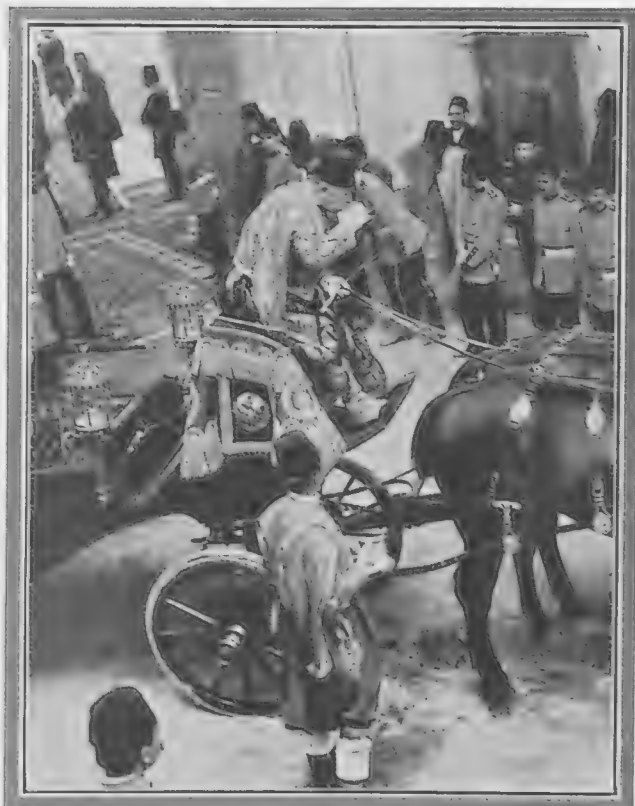


THE FIGURE THAT ANSWERS QUESTIONS PUT BY THE AUDIENCE: OCCULTOS, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Occultos answers questions put by the audience in a voice that would seem to proceed from a gramophone. It is difficult to believe, however, that the ingenuity of the exhibitor could provide gramophone records sufficient to answer the very varied and unexpected questions set. The figure is brought from the stage to the stalls during each performance, and is taken to pieces before the audience.

Photograph by Park.

no reproach; nor should she be suspect because she has a genius for shopping. But, nevertheless, during her last expedition to Paris and London—it is as natural for Mrs. Potter Palmer to cross the Atlantic in quest of a hat or a hat-pin as it would be for Berkeley Square to call on Bond Street for its bonnets—she found herself tracked by agents of the Secret Service of the United States Customs. These officials are supposed to check collusion in low invoicing between European exporters and American firms; lately they have enlarged their survey, and play detective on Americans who are known to spend money freely in London and Paris, that they may inform New York of the contents of returning



A COACHMAN'S COAT THAT COST £500; THE DRIVER OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S STATE CARRIAGE—TAKING A DRINK DURING THE INVESTITURE OF HIS MASTER WITH THE SWORD OF OSMAN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE JEW OF VENICE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS SHYLOCK LEAVING THE GARRICK THEATRE TO APPEAR AT A CHARITY MATINÉE.

It is not often that London is able to see the Jew that Shakespeare drew in the London streets, but they had opportunity the other day when Mr. Arthur Bouchier left the Garrick Theatre, in the make-up and dress of Shylock, to appear at a charity matinée. As it was, there were not many who saw the strange figure, for his appearance in the open air was necessarily, and perhaps advisedly, brief.

otherwise the style and title belong to a lady of Bedford Square. The author of two disconcerting books on the laws of manners and etiquette might be expected to prove one of the most forbidding of hostesses; but Lady Grove's salon is quite charming, and it is not surprising to find her busily engaged as the president of a committee of Englishwomen who have promised to help their French sisters in erecting a memorial to Mme. de Staël. Mme. de Staël held her salon for a few seasons in London, even as Lady Grove does to-day, but the statue is to be set up in Paris. Why not in Bedford Square? The Duchess of Sutherland is a member of Lady Grove's unselfish committee.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Epsom.

There is no other racecourse in the world like Epsom. It is easily get-at-able from London by road or rail. The train service is perfect, the roads are good for motors and carriage traffic, while the scene from the top of the hill is unbeatable. The hill on the opposite side of the course admits of thousands getting a good view of the sport free, gratis, and for nothing, and the sport is invariably good, as owners like to see their colours carried over this track, which is always good going. As his Majesty owns a prominent candidate for the Derby in Minoru, it can be taken for granted that the crowd on the Downs to see the biggest race of the year will be a record one; and if the royal colours are successful, as I hope they may be, the scene should beggar description. I was fortunate enough to be standing within two yards of the judge when Persimmon won the Derby, and I could see all that went on in the stands and rings and outside, after the colt had won. I am never likely to forget the sight. As this was the first Derby won by the King, then Prince of Wales, all present let themselves go a bit extra; and even John Watts, who rode Persimmon, smiled a broad smile—the first time he had ever been known to do so after riding a winner. We may confidently look for a repetition of the scene, only more so, this year if Minoru gets home first, as it will be the first time his Majesty as King has won the Derby, and it can be taken for granted that thousands of foreigners will make a point of visiting the Downs on the off-chance of seeing the sight of a lifetime.

The King's Horses.

If his Majesty the King wins the Derby with Minoru, and the Oaks with Princesse de Galles—and there are many more unlikely things happen at racing—the King would be well ahead in the winning owners' list. In 1900, his Majesty won £29,585; in 1901 his horses did not run; in 1902 the winnings were only £1514; in 1903, £3105; and in 1904, £1903. In 1905 the total was £950; in 1906, £2788; in 1907, £2244; and in 1908, £5490. As can be guessed, his Majesty headed the list in 1900, which was Diamond Jubilee's year. In addition, in that year the royal colours were carried to victory in the Grand National by Ambush II. In Persimmon's year (1896) his Majesty's total was £26,819, but he only came second in the winning list to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, whose total was £46,766. In the following year the King's total was

£15,770, and again he was second in the list to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who won £17,484. In 1898 the King's total was £2189. It is a long time till next November, but I think his Majesty stands a good chance on paper of once more reaching the top of the list of winning owners. The two-year-olds in Marsh's stable are said to be useful, and they are certainly a bit above the average. With rich stakes to be won at Ascot and Goodwood, the prospects of the royal colours coming out on top may be considered rosy in the extreme. What is wanted now and then to do the sport of kings a real good turn is for his Majesty to try and win the Grand National once more. The Irishmen dearly love steeplechasing, and they also delight in showing their loyalty at Aintree when the royal colours succeed.

The Tote.

Seemingly, the totalisator has come to stay, owing, in the main, to the short prices offered by some of the bookmakers on the rails. It is often difficult for owners to have commissions worked at fair prices, and they have at last discovered that the only remedy is an appeal to the totalisator. The time will, I think, come when the machine will be worked under official recognition, and I can see no tangible reason why the Jockey Club should not run a tote for the benefit of the sport. Many argue that great pleasure is derived under the present system by trying to beat the market, while others contend that it is nice to know what odds you are getting about a horse before the race starts. On the other hand, the only equitable system for all would be the totalisator, under which all work on level terms. Again, owners would get the actual odds obtained about their money, and there would be percentages for commission agents; while any owner could easily do his own betting. The profit from the machine might be used in adding to prize-money, and the argument that race-course companies would suffer by a depletion of their gate receipts will not, in my opinion, hold water, as the absence of some of the bookmakers would be more than counter-balanced by an addition to the ranks of the general public. I am certain that were a totalisator started, for the good of the sport, under the auspices of the Rules of Racing, it would prove a very profitable spec., and it would do a lot of good to racing.—CAPTAIN COE.



A SHEEP AS AN AID TO RABBIT-SHOOTING: "BILLY" ACTING AS SHIELD FOR HIS MASTER, WHO IS FIRING OVER HIS BACK.

For over seven years, Billy, the property of Mr. George Stretton, farmer, of Coatbach, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, has been of service to his master during the shooting of rabbits. Billy follows his owner like a dog, and, at the word of command, stands quietly while Mr. Stretton crouches behind him and fires over his back with smokeless powder.—[Photograph by S. Glendening.]



A NEW USE FOR THE TUB: BATHS AS SHOES, WHILE WALKING ON THE WATER.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



When the Horse is No More!

The idealist who suggested that a really practical demonstration might be given of the cleanliness of motor as opposed to horse-drawn traffic, and the huge saving of road-scavenging that would follow the "abolition" of the horse is, I fear, too hopeful a person for this workaday world. It is difficult to imagine the authority that has power to close a public thoroughfare or thoroughfares to one class of traffic for any such purpose, and without such authority any attempt of the kind would be hopeless. Many wrong-headed hippophiles would insist upon their rights, and the experiment would come to naught. But the idea from the motorist's point of view is a good one nevertheless, for the result goes without saying. When horse traffic has vanished from our streets, a road once cleansed will remain clean for quite a long time, and wind-borne clouds of dried manure will be a thing of the past. The health of the community will be greatly improved, and the cost of scavenging reduced by nine-tenths of the present large sums necessary for the performance of this work.

"Ocean-to-ocean" Race no Proper Trial.

One would imagine that all who could, would, or should be influenced to any degree by such performances have been sufficiently "fed up" with that farcical event, the New York to Paris race, and that further undertakings of the kind would not be worth the candle even in the States. That, however, does not appear to be the case, for an ocean-to-ocean race should have been set on foot from New York on the 16th inst. The bad condition of the roads is said to have called the thing off until June 1, when it is expected that some hundreds of cars will start from New York. Each competitor will drive two cars—not at once, be it said, but the first from New York to Chicago, and the other thence to the goal of such hopes as may underlie this fatuous form of motor competition. I say fatuous for the reason that motor-cars are intended and built for use on roads, and good roads at that. They are used by all commonsense people on such roads, and what befalls them or becomes of them in bucketing across unroaded solitudes, including the Rocky Mountains, is of no value or interest to purchasers.

Carbonic Acid Gas in Tyres.

"Bibendum," who is Michelin, became quite appallingly scientific a while since. He, poor chap, was driven to it by the terrible discovery that some people had been inflating him with that deleterious substance, carbonic acid gas. Not to presume upon his own

knowledge—which, between you and me, is sound enough for most people—he referred things to certain scientists, and finding his fears quite well founded, he has promptly issued a serious warning to all users of Michelin tyres. He points out, quite properly, that, after all, an inner tube, much as we expect of it, is only a rubber

membrane, and that rubber can be penetrated by gases. A scientific gentleman named Graham studied the diffusion of gases through rubber membranes as far back as 1866, and similarly learned people like Mitchell and Wroblewski in 1876, Stefan in 1878, and, later, Kayser in 1891 dealt exhaustively with the subject and obtained some very exact results.

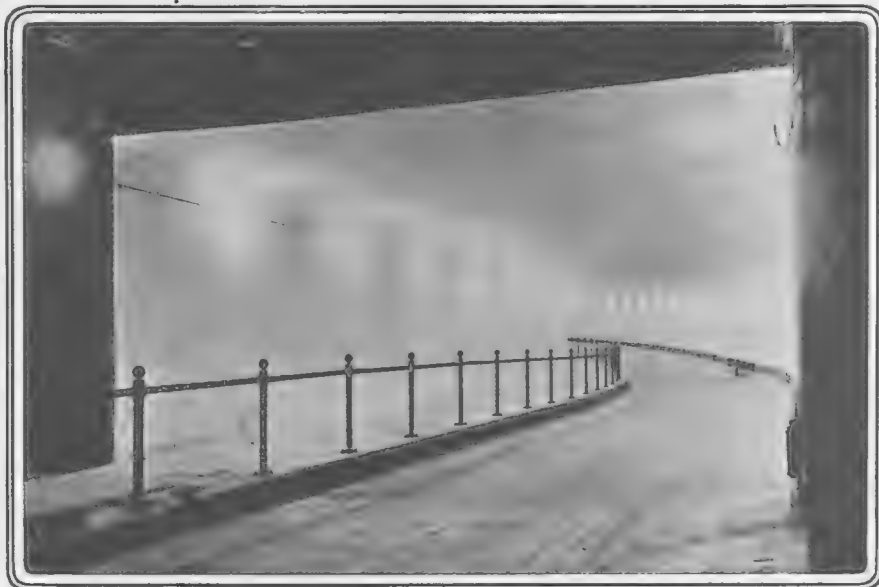
Heat and Pressure Encourage Diffusion.

Kayser found that at a certain temperature rubber becomes quite impermeable to a certain gas, and that carbonic acid gas passes through a rubber membrane with twenty times greater rapidity than air at a temperature of 20 deg. Cent., while at 5 deg. Cent. it will not pass at all. So it is clear that the higher the temperature the faster the carbonic acid gas will escape through the rubber. Therefore, while driving a tyre never heated above 5 deg. Cent., carbonic acid gas would serve quite well as an inflating medium; but, as all automobilists know—many to their cost—tyres heat up considerably during a long drive, reaching 40 deg. Cent. on medium, and as much as 70 deg. to 80 deg. on fast, heavy cars. Further, be it noted that diffusion is found to be proportionate to pressure. Consequently, Bibendum carried out some experiments of his own, the results of which are quite interesting.

Why Bibendum Sells You Air.

At a temperature of 10.2 degrees Cent. (I wish he'd work in Fahrenheit) he inflated six tubes of one, two, and three millimetres in thickness to a pressure of 41 lb. per square inch: three tubes with good old common air, and three with carbonic acid gas. After seventy-two hours the 1-mm. air-tube showed 38 lb. and the carbonic acid one 8½ lb.; the 2-mm. air-tube 40 lb., and its carbonic acid fellow 11½ lb.; the 3-mm. air-tube 40½ lb., and the carbonic acid gas-tube of the same thickness 14½ lb. In

another series of tests, at a temperature of 35.39 Cent. the same pressure and duration as above, a millimetre-thick tube with air was down to 22 lb., while its carbonic acid-filled friend showed no pressure at all. And that's why Bibendum sells you compressed air in bottles for tyre-inflation, and not carbonic acid gas.

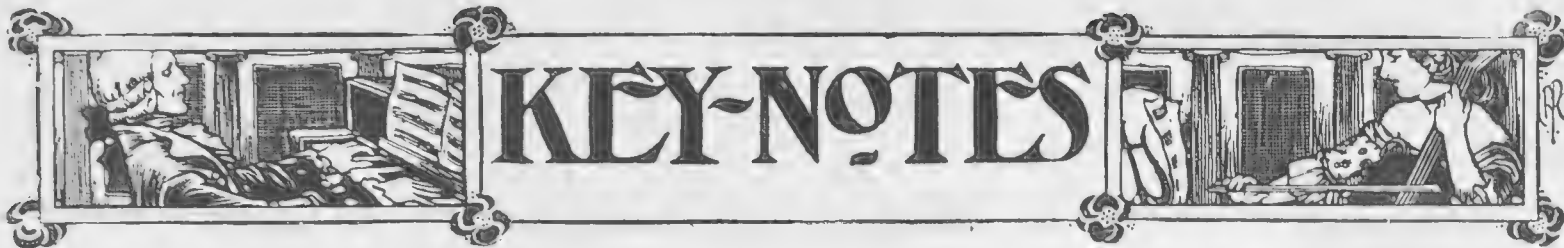


THE TUBE THAT ENABLES UNITED STATES SENATORS TO HUSTLE TO THEIR HEARTS' CONTENT: THE SPECIAL MOTOR-TRACK BETWEEN THE OFFICE BUILDING OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND THE CAPITOL.

This special motor-road is underground, and extends from the United States Senate Office to the Capitol—a distance of about a third of a mile. The tunnel is lit by electricity, and the cars make the trip from terminus to terminus in a minute or rather less, each car carrying ten or eleven lawmakers at a time. It is proposed to extend the tunnel, and to have a line of cars working between the halls of Congress and the office buildings. The road is wide enough for cars to pass one another at any point, and there is a side-walk through the tunnel.—(Photograph by Bolak.)



CHAUFFEURS TO THE HUSTLING UNITED STATES SENATE: MEN WHO DRIVE CARS ALONG THE PRIVATE MOTOR "TUBE" BETWEEN THE SENATE'S OFFICE BUILDING AND THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



Mr. Beecham's Orchestra.

The old and the new were curiously associated at Mr. Beecham's concert last week, for his symphony orchestra's first contribution was one of Mozart's several symphonies in C major, and the next item on the programme was a tone-poem, "Ulalume," founded by Joseph Holbrooke on Edgar Allan Poe's work. Nothing could have been more striking than the contrast between the old master of past time and the young composer of our own. One would not institute a comparison between the men themselves—such a thing would be unnecessary and impertinent—but it is impossible to overlook the extraordinary difference not only in expression but in thought. With Mozart form and melody run hand in hand, the melody always fresh, spontaneous, and full of the joy of life, the form conventional and precise, perhaps, but always satisfying, never failing to present developments in fashion that gratifies the trained and untrained ear alike. Mozart did no more than fulfil the ideals of the latter half of the eighteenth century; perhaps Mr. Joseph Holbrooke fulfils some, at least, of the ideals of the twentieth; but to hear a Mozart symphony and a Holbrooke tone-poem side by side is to realise that neither melody nor form is the first consideration of the living composer. There are passages in "Ulalume" that have a vivid beauty, but the composer seems afraid to admit them to his company for long, and maltreats his own best material at the earliest opportunity. We are left wondering whether our ears are destined to grow attuned to unresolved discords and general cacophony, relieved now and again by moments of genuine musical worth, as refreshing to the wanderer in this new realm of sound as the oases that come to the travellers' aid in the deserts of Northern Africa and Arabia. And when the sand seems very plentiful and the herbage very scanty, the pilgrim of music may console himself with the thought that it was no less an authority than Théophile Gautier who remarked, "La musique est le plus désagréable de tous les sons."

Covent Garden. The production of "Pelléas et Mélisande" was delayed till Friday for the sake of further rehearsal, and this delay has involved the postponement of "La Tosca," in which Mme. Destinn is to take the name-part. By the time these lines are printed, Mme. Tétrazzini, who is singing with great success, will have appeared in "The Barber of Seville." When "Rigoletto" was given last week a great audience assembled in the mood we associate with the patrons of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts—everybody was prepared to applaud everything. The good, the bad, and the indifferent were hailed with equal enthusiasm, and delighted artists came cheerfully out of Verdi's cheap frame to respond to the plaudits showered upon them. It was quite useless for Gilda and the Duke to be satisfied with

one passionate farewell when the house remembered what Shakespeare had to say about the sweet sorrow of parting; nor could one rendering of the *gorgheggi* in the "Caro nome" suffice the house, that broke down the will of Campanini himself and would not allow the performance to continue until the gratified prima-donna had obliged for the second time.



THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF SERVIA: A PLAYER OF THE GOUSLY.

The gously is an old form of harp used by the Servians, whose bards were known as gousias, whose verses were called gouslo.

Handel-Mendelssohn Festival. The programme for the great festival at the Crystal Palace is now published. Choir and orchestra number four thousand. Dr. Frederic Cowen will conduct, and Mr. Walter Hedgcock will preside at the organ. General rehearsal is set down for June 19; it will be remembered that this is reckoned as one of the performances. "Elijah" will be given on June 22; part of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" are down for performance on Thursday, June 24, and we are to hear the "Messiah" on Saturday, June 26. Rehearsals have been in progress for some time, part under the direction of Dr. Cowen, and the rest under Mr. Hedgcock. Westminster Chapel has been used for some of the choral rehearsals, whilst soloists and orchestra will go through their preliminary labours at the Small Queen's Hall. For the first time in the history of the Handel Festival Orchestra a harp will be used, for Miss Agnes Nicholls has chosen an air from Handel's oratorio "Esther," and the score contains a harp part, which has been retained by Dr. Cowen, who has revised the accompaniments. It is to be hoped that the railway companies will offer the public special facilities and a passable train service in honour of a great occasion. We trust that there may be many more Handel festivals at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. George Henschel.

It was an unfortunate thing for the Sevcik Quartet that, at the hour when their concert opened, Miss Clara Butt and her husband were singing at the Albert Hall, while Ysaÿe and Pugno were giving the last of their three recitals in Langham Place. But the quartet-players succeeded in impressing their audience very favourably, and proved that their equipment is as sound as their taste. Balance and proportion are not revealed more clearly by any quartet now before the public. The veteran George Henschel gave the concert the benefit of his assistance, and those who heard him might well hesitate to believe that he is now in his sixtieth year. More than thirty years have passed since Henschel's first appearance in this country, and nearly thirty years since he took charge of the great Boston Symphony Orchestra and accomplished so much for music in America. Conductor, composer, singer, teacher, Mr. George Henschel has deserved well of music-lovers—he gives to all interpretations on the concert-platform a quality that time is powerless to destroy.—COMMON CHORD.



SISTER-IN-LAW OF MR. RUFUS ISAACS AND MR. ALFRED SUTRO: MME. LEA PERELLI, WHO IS TOURING THE PROVINCES WITH MRS. BROWN POTTER.

Mme. Lea Perelli, the well-known soprano, is a sister-in-law of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, the famous K.C., and Mr. Alfred Sutro, the dramatist. By birth she is a Corsican and a Bonaparte.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

George Meredith's Heroines.

No English writer—perhaps no writer in any language—has ever been so whole-heartedly *feministe* as George Meredith. He placed woman mentally on the same plane as man, and morally he considered her superior. His amazing gallery of feminine portraits includes every type of woman—from the alluring demi-mondaine in "Richard Feverel," the exquisite ingénue, Clara Middleton; the eternal artist, Sandra Belloni and the brilliant Diana of the Crossways, to that radiant embodiment of eternal loyalty, the heroine of "Beauchamp's Career." It may be said that if some of his men are, designedly, odious, the greatest of Victorian novelists never drew a woman who had not some redeeming point. In his later books, Meredith urged the claims of the women-folk in no uncertain voice. It was he who invented the famous phrase that the average conservative masculine person had "not yet rounded Cape Turk." His feminine characters are superior even to those of Shakespeare, for they have a higher intellectuality, and, for the modern reader, a greater charm. His Celtic temperament enabled him to understand the sensitiveness, the capacity for suffering, of highly organised women; hence the high sense of drama, the poignant scenes of his greater novels. The women of England may well hang a garland of bays on his tomb. It is improbable that a writer of his calibre will ever again depict them with so much understanding and love.

The Monstrous Pretensions of Women.

It has been the age-long habit of men-folk, all the world over, to treat women as if they were naughty children. On the good old principle of the disciplinarian nurse, whatever they asked for they were refused. This is one way of ruling, no doubt; but it does not, in the end, inspire esteem. The Popes, especially, never encouraged feminine aspirations. It is a strange anomaly that, though women are the chief supporters of the Roman Catholic faith, to this very day a feminine singer is not permitted to perform in Roman Catholic churches. Count Lützow, in his valuable "Life and Times of John Hus," tells us that the great reformer of the fourteenth century aroused especial hatred because he had hymns sung in the national language in Bohemia, and allowed the women to join in. "This unheard-of innovation," says Count Lützow, "met with great opposition and derision on the part of enemies of church reform." Just so. The pretensions of those pious females were monstrous. Not a doubt but that the kneeling women in those mediæval fanes were considered "unsexed" by their contemporaries. It was probably as heinous an offence in 1500 to want to sing in church as some people think it to-day for a rate-paying woman to want a vote. The fact is that the mediæval Church was a great lever, just as a modern democratic Parliament is a great lever; and the men-folk have always

been singularly unwilling to allow the women any share of power. Such methods are comprehensible, but they end by inducing revolt.

The Painless Extinction of Bores.

In these humane days, when we have invented lethal chambers for the extinction of disagreeable domestic pets, it should be within the resources of science to effect the painless disappearance of Bores, or at any rate to render them inarticulate, and therefore innocuous. In London this specimen of humanity is particularly numerous and deadly, so that many sensitive persons have given up what is known as "general society" in order to avoid their approaches. The decadence of Rotten Row as a modish promenade is said to date from the moment when Lord Rosebery declared that to ride there was to find oneself "the prey of every bore in Europe." To suppress the Bore—especially for a woman—is no light feat, and yet women are, by reason of their passive rôle in the social comedy, more particularly defenceless against the encroachments of these pestilential persons. Even well-bred men do not mind snubbing bores in the most intimidating fashion, whereas a woman of like calibre seldom ventures to be rude to a bore of her own rank. Indeed, what most women endure in this respect during the three months of the London season can only be known to the Recording Angel, for they, good creatures, seldom speak of their sufferings, and are apt to accept the Bore as part of the design of an all-seeing Providence.

Our Deteriorating Manners.

It is presumed that we are growing more efficient, but it is hardly to be maintained that we are more generally agreeable than in the days when individuality was less insisted on than at present. Fifty years ago, it was considered tiresome and ill-bred to talk about yourself. When Balzac went to pay a visit to the Duchesse de Dino, the great lady thought the author "disgustingly vulgar," and complained that at dinner his conversation consisted in telling her "a thousand things about himself, not one of which she believed." Probably Balzac thought he had made a conquest of the ex-Ambassadress. Nowadays, people do not hesitate to discourse about themselves at length to anyone they can find to listen. The author of "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures"



FOR THE COUNTRY: A SMART TWEED COAT AND SKIRT OF DONEGAL FRIEZE, SKETCHED AT KENNETH DURWARD'S, ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

informs us that, in the 'sixties, "there were three subjects which were never discussed. . . . They were the state of one's purse, the state of one's body, and the state of one's soul." The two first of these topics being those which are most openly discussed in these days, it is safe to say that if they and their offshoots—such as the Stock Exchange and surgical operations—were taboo we should find ourselves in a world which had literally nothing to say.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Back to the Land. The charms of the country are compelling to the leisured classes now, just as those of the town are to the labouring masses. No one dreams of long, unbroken stays in London now. Country clothes loom quite as importantly on a woman of fashion's horizon as those for town. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a smart and neat tweed coat and skirt, fitted for all kinds of country pursuits. It is of Donegal frieze, a material that refuses to wear out. The colour is a mixture of grey-blue and bronze-green, with touches of bright yellow and bright green. The collar and cuffs are of brown leather, and the buttons are also leather. The style is as a Norfolk jacket, but the folds are strapped neatly down. There are four pockets, and the strappings round the skirt above the hem are very neat. The firm have secured an enviable reputation for the remarkably good style and smartness of their country clothes, coupled with their suitability and practicalness.

Crinoline Redivivus.

There was a crinoline at the Opera the other night! One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one crinoline create a fashion; still, as straws show which way the wind blows, a crinoline points to a revival of wider skirts. The wearer of the one in question was in a box, where, of course, there was more room for her early Victorian costume. The chief reason why this old fashion does not make a *rentrée* is the want of room in our overcrowded islands. Possibly balloon-like skirts will be a great assistance to the sex's buoyancy when air-ships are in vogue, and the world's roadways less crowded.



AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT THE IMPERIAL EXHIBITION: THE OXO STAND.

Visitors to the Imperial Exhibition at the White City this summer will see at the Oxo Stand, among other interesting things, Lieutenant Shackleton's cable to the Oxo Company from New Zealand, on his return from the South Pole. It runs as follows: "Found Oxo excellent on sledge journeys and throughout winter."

Meanwhile the wearing of a crinoline or two points only to fuller skirts, a fashion to which we shall return ere long.

Sunshine and Frocks.

The summer and the sunshine and the flowers are here; whether or not for a long stay, they are very welcome. Muffled in May is not as it should be. At last we are seeing everyday frocks of summer fabrics; their cheering effect is extraordinary. Pessimism begins to disappear beneath the magic wand of pale-hued shantung and lace coats with no sleeves, to say nothing of the "tub" gowns in linen and muslin and French print and zephyr that make the morning toilettes of our women to the full as attractive as those for later in the day. That yokes and sleeves are seldom of the same material as the gowns, but of muslin or net or lace, makes for daintiness and freshness. Spotted foulards are much in favour among the ultra-smart. The spots are in little groups of two or three, just marking the difference from the speckly spot with which we are familiar.

Amiable Relations.

The blouse and the skirt have to be brought into closer relationship with each other in order to meet the demands of quite the latest decrees of fashion. Consequently, when a skirt is purchased ready-made—there are many women whose dressing is beyond reproach who do buy ready-made skirts—a piece of the material should be acquired with which to treat the blouse, so that it looks a near relative of the skirt: folds so arranged as to resemble an over-bodice, pieces let in under embroidery, a part of the sleeves composed of it, fichu-like folds from back to front of the waist—always something to prove at least first cousinship. The blouse a complete stranger to the skirt is unrecognised as this year's fashion, not even when connected by a neutral waistband.

Races in Regent Street.

Whether we go to Ascot or not, there is no reason why we should miss the dress show. In the windows of Messrs. Swan and Edgar is a race-meeting scene, with grand-stand, paddock, lawn, and ladies doing dress parade in the very latest costumes, hats, sunshades,



AT MESSRS. CHAPPELL'S NEW MUSIC-SALOONS AND PIANOFORTE-GALLERIES: THE MUSIC-ROOM.

Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s new music-saloons and pianoforte-galleries in New Bond Street, opened a month or two ago, are a sign of the continued development of this old and famous firm, which will soon attain its centenary. It was founded on Jan. 1, 1812, and by its publications, its instruments, and its encouragement of music, it has become a household word throughout the British musical world. The late Mr. Thomas Patey Chappell, father of the present head of the firm, was chairman of the company which erected the old St. James's Hall, and was one of the original directors of the Royal College of Music. The firm have a long lease of Queen's Hall, where their Ballad Concerts are very popular, and they organised the Queen's Hall Choral Society. Among recent testimonies to the excellence of their instruments are letters from Dr. Richard Strauss, and Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus, the eminent pianist.

Photograph by Pool and Co.

neck-ruffles, boas, racing-coats and cloaks. It is a study in the gowning for the sport of kings that causes the traffic-managers in blue much concern. They are too kind to interfere with such a feast for the eyes, but "Move on" has to be said some time, when it is generally interpreted, "Move inside."

Free Foot and a Fellow for It.

The man or woman who can be pleasant or genial with a shoe pinching, or feel a proper self-respect when shod clumsily, is a rare specimen of the human race. Happily, British people are more fully recognising this fact every year. The Lotus boots and shoes for men and women are British-made. They fit perfectly, and, being made of the best English leather, are light and supple. There are half-sizes in many different styles; those for ladies have been increased from twelve to eighteen, so that there is plenty of change and variety. These are not only comfortable but smart foot-wear, such as not only our feet but our friends can give full approval to.

Flowers of Sweetest Smell.

The capturing of a scent is a scientific feat; one which the world gratefully acknowledges has been accomplished by Messrs. John Gosnell and Co., 101, Southwark Street, S.E. To inaugurate the opening of their new premises—a stately pile now rapidly nearing completion, to replace those destroyed by fire in Blackfriars Road—the firm is now offering a 4s. case of perfume and toilet-soap for 2s. 6d. It contains a four-ounce bottle of Society Eau de Cologne, three tablets of toilet-soap of this brand, a small bottle of Cherry Blossom Perfume, a pot of Cherry Tooth Paste, and a sachet, calendar, and book-mark combined, deliciously perfumed. The offer is so good that it is necessarily limited; it will therefore be well to write at once and send half-a-crown.



THE HAT COMPETITION AT MONTE CARLO: JUDGING THREE OF THE ENTRANTS.

On the extreme right of the picture will be seen M. Lewis, of the Maison Lewis, looking on with much interest.

Photograph by Marpo.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 9.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE volume of business being done in the Stock Exchange is wonderful. We asked the "House Haunter" to write a Stock Exchange letter for this issue, and he simply laughed at us, although the time was not more than a few weeks ago when he was hungering to earn the utterly exorbitant sum that we have been in the habit of paying him for the poor copy he sent in. Housemen have not been so busy since the Kaffir boom in the nineties. That money is expected to remain cheap may be gathered from the fact that choice six-months paper is being discounted at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the weekly Bank Return shows improvement. It looks as if cheap money will continue till the autumn at least.

Consols are about the only things which have not responded to the Money Market position, but all round other gilt-edged stocks have improved, and would have done better but for the flood of new issues. To see the "stags" rushing for allotments is quite like old times, nor do we wonder at it when nearly every day we see first-class gilt-edged issues such as City of Ottawa, or Auckland and Suburban Drainage Board 4 per cent. bonds offering at prices which will return 4 per cent. to the investor. When people have money on deposit at 1 per cent. such chances are not to be lightly thrown away.

Home rails remain sluggish and out of favour, although dividend prospects for the half-year are good. There is an idea of trouble in the coal trade over the Eight Hours Bill, and should this result in a strike, it would probably be very serious for many lines. Among Foreigners, Japanese have been prominent on the rumour of a conversion or consolidation loan, which will clear off the present $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stocks, and give us one large 4 per cent. stock devoid of any special hypothecation; and it seems probable that with such favourable Money Market conditions the long-expected operation may be carried out at an early date. In Mines the activity is pretty well confined to Kaffirs and West Africans, and has not yet spread to Westralians, which have remained dull, although there are many good speculative shares, such as Chaffers and Gwalia Consolidated, being quietly picked up. We believe that Kalgurli Amalgamated at 4s. are also worth watching.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Busy?" asked The Engineer.

"Busy?" echoed The Jobber. "Kaw! 'Busy,' says he!"

"Lucky dog!" continued The Engineer.

"Yet they grumble," commented The City Editor. "Never knew such men. When they're slack, they growl; when they're busy, they howl. What can you do with such people?"

"It isn't everyone who can make money so easily as you fellows do," remarked The Merchant half-enviously.

"And with so little exertion," added The Solicitor. "Now, in the legal profession, a man must have brains if he's going to prosper. In the Stock Exchange, all he wants is a pencil, a dealing-book, an air of supreme confidence, and the faculty for proving he is never wrong."

The Broker and The Jobber exchanged smiles betokening their profound pity for the speakers.

"Hardly worth while undeceiving 'em, is it, Brokie?" said The Jobber after a pause.

"I doubt if they'd understand it if we did," was the rather ambiguous reply. "Better let 'em remain in their cavernous ignorance, eh?"

"'Cavernous' is good," commented The City Editor. "I'll remember it to describe the state of the Kaffir Market when the slump comes."

"It will rust, then," declared The Jobber.

"Can the Kaffir boom last?" inquired The Solicitor, his eyebrows lifting.

"Last? Rather. Run through the summer probably."

"No; but do you think so really?" demanded The Merchant. "Be serious for once."

"I am serious, you juggins. Don't take me for a Metropolitan magistrate, do you? I've not sunk so low as that, even if I do happen to be a judge—of Kaffirs."

"But prices are too ridiculously high already," persisted The Merchant.

"What is that to prevent them going higher?" was the unanswerable rejoinder. "I know they're too high. We all know it. Why, even the newspapers sometimes admit it on days when they don't happen to have prospectus advertisements. Nevertheless—"

The broker nodded his head in reply to an inquiring glance from The Engineer.

"But Chartered at twenty-five shillings are preposterous."

"Shouldn't advise you to sell a bear, old man, because you'd most likely get caught in the rise."

"I haven't the pluck to buy Kaffirs now," said The Solicitor; "In fact, I turned out some of mine on the rise. To my mind, the market is highly artificial."

"So's that electric light!" and The Jobber threw his paper at the globe overhead. "But it won't go out until switched off."

"There's the trouble. How long are these wirepullers going to keep the lamp alight?"

"For longer than you think, my boy. I've been a bit of a pessimist up to within a month, but now I must admit to having changed my views. Can't do otherwise in a market like this."

"You're as likely to be wrong as an optimist as you were wrong as a pessimist," said The City Editor kindly.

The Jobber was unruffled. "Just to prove you're quite as clever as you look," said he, "I don't mind telling you that I've made money on my little 'p.a.' specs. these last two months."

"Some people have all the luck," murmured The Engineer.

"Luck? Did I hear you say luck? No such thing," and The Jobber tapped his forehead with such portentous significance that all the other men fell a laughing.

"Somebody's got to be left to hold the baby eventually," The Solicitor observed.

"Oh yes, rather. That's all part of the old Kaffir Circus game. But I think the infant will develop a good deal more before we need think about its ultimate nurses."

"To cut the cackle, what shall we all buy to make money?"

"That's just like 'em, isn't it, Brokie? They contradict us, they suck our brains, they tap us for tips, and then they go away and deal with somebody else! 'Pon my word, I'd rather be a coster than a client, when it comes to sorting 'em into batches for honesty."

"I said," repeated The Merchant evenly, "what shall we all buy to make money?"

"Wait for a flat day and then buy anything you like, except what your broker knows to be absolute muck."

"Even muck goes up sometimes," suggested The Engineer.

"And comes down again with a flop into the cart," retorted the tipster. "Moreover, confidentially, between you and me—"

They all leant forward interestedly.

"—West Africans won't hurt you."

"Pooh!" scoffed The City Editor. "I thought you had something good to tell us."

"Prestea Block 'A,' Amalgamated, Agencys, Fanti Consols and Mines—"

"Rubbish of the deepest dye," interposed The Merchant.

"Think so? You get Brokie to buy you a hundred of each, put them away for a bit, and await developments."

"Same old yarn," yawned The City Editor. "Always developments. Never anything else."

"They'll be something before long that all your cheap wit will never be, if it polishes itself twice a day for a hundred years."

"What's that?" asked everybody else.

"Crushing, Sir—crushing."

Saturday, May 22, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. C.—Our inquiries as to the Law Guarantee only confirm what we wrote you. The shares cannot be given away on the Stock Exchange, even with the payment of the £4 call. If you can see it out we think you will get a large part of the money back, but otherwise whatever you pay will be lost.

CONSERVATIVE.—Take up all new shares.

JERRY.—With the aid of a magnifying-glass we have deciphered your note. The paper in question is, we think, only an advertising medium for a bucket-shop.

SUBSCRIBER.—We consider Nos. 1 and 2 reasonably safe trade investments, and quite good to hold. As to the Brewery Debentures, they are among the best; but whether Mr. Lloyd-George will leave anything for even Debenture-holders is a matter on which we would rather not give an opinion.

S. J. C.—(1) The Company holds 200,000 French Rand Deep, 134,000 New Vierfontein, and large blocks of Simmer East Deep Turf Mines, and other shares. We say nothing as to the shares going to 7, but they are not a bad speculation. (2) Yes. The very best of its kind.

ALPHA BETA.—The Company is doing very well, but has certain loans to pay off, and a dividend is not expected before the end of the year.

BLUE BELL.—The people connected with the Copper Company are a funny crowd, but we are told the concern is doing well and that a dividend will be announced shortly.

C. M. C.—Quite a good trade risk, and for the interest they pay good enough. It all depends on the price you are going to give.

MINES.—(1) We should hold for a bit better price; but in Gwalia Consolidated you will probably have to wait three months. (2) Yes. (3) We think so. (4) For a quick rise, probably No. 3 will pay best.

PETROL.—(1) A gamble, but not a bad one at present price. (2) We think the business over-capitalised. The last dividend (interim) was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The accounts are made up to April 30 and presented in July. For last year 6 per cent. was paid.

E. P.—See our answers to "S. G." and "Lame Duck" in last week's issue, and you might add the Ordinary shares of the Metropolitan Railway Carriage and Wagon Company. If you would like a Rubber speculation, see "Q's" note in the same issue.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think his Majesty the King will win the Derby with Minoru, and I like Sir Martin and Valens for places. I also think the King will win the Oaks with Princesse de Galles, in which race Perola ought to finish in the first three. Other selections for Epsom are: Stewards' Handicap, Saint's Mead; Town Plate, Sunrise; Durdans Plate, Seaham; Royal Stakes, Hallaton; Coronation Cup, Dean Swift; Acorn Stakes, Damia. At Kempton, these should go close: Windsor Castle Handicap, Fire Clay; Kingston Handicap, Bracelet. At Hurst Park, on Whit Monday, Aubergine may win the Holiday Handicap, Carntoi the Walton Handicap, and Strickland the Whitsuntide Plate.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

Horse-Power: Who
Shall Decide
When—?

If any common or garden layman affects automobilism and plumes himself at all upon his knowledge, let him not attempt the perusal of the report of the Rating Committee of the Institution of Automobile Engineers upon the rating of petrol-engines, lest he suddenly go mad. The recognised insufficiency of the Royal Automobile Club's rating, in which the quantity stroke is ignored, having been recognised, the Society of Motor-Manufacturers and the above-named institution appointed learned committees to consider the matter and endeavour to evoke order from chaos. Such terribly learned people as Mr. Dugald Clerk, J. S. Critchley, Max R. Laurence, Mervyn O'Gorman, Leslie H. Hounsfield, and others, have all let themselves loose over this fearful problem, and issued bewildering strings of awful-looking formulæ, acres of distracting diagrams, and pages of terrifying tables. And, after all, so far as I can gather, they don't seem a bit in agreement, and do not appear to have arrived at a solid conclusion. Who shall decide, when such pundits disagree?

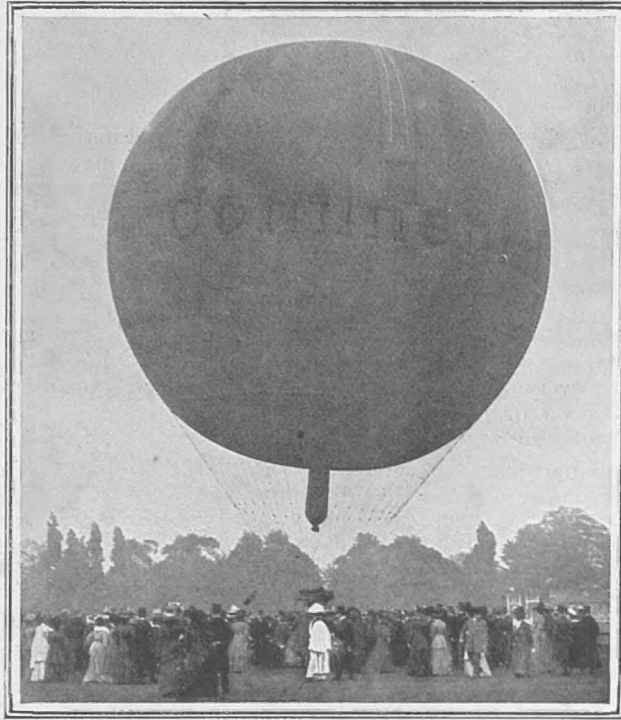
A Rigid Rule
Undesirable.

Dipping into the Report, I notice that Mr. Dugald Clerk hopes that in the case of the petrol-motor no rigid rule will be formulated which would tend to impede progress, and prevent

engine-designers varying proportions and dimensions of their engines in any way they might think best to secure improved results. Mr. Dugald Clerk fears that it will be impossible to devise a rating rule which would render feasible the accurate estimate of the power of any engine on cylinder-dimensions only. To obtain such an accurate rule would require uniformity of mean pressures, cylinder-proportions, piston-speeds, and engine-revolutions, and this Mr. Clerk thinks would tend to impede progress rather than assist it. From all this it is obvious that a nice, easy rule of three which, by the assistance of a much-sucked pencil-stick and a ready-reckoner, would enable the above-named layman to calculate his horse-power to a hair must be despaired of.

Continental in
Ireland!

Until one has toured in Ireland, one can hardly realise how shockingly bad and how destructive ways called by courtesy roads can be when they like, or when the *laissez aller* policy of Irish Councils lets them go. To make good records over such roads is golden testimony to pneumatic tyres of any make, so that the record put on by a pair of 880 mm. by 120 mm. non-skid Continentals running under a motor-van weighing 28 cwt. unloaded, and belonging to Messrs. Switzer and Co., of Dublin, is indeed creditable. Working under such strenuous circumstances, a pair of these Continental tyres have achieved no less than 6000 miles and are still running. Truly, quality can no further go!



ON HER MAIDEN TRIP: "CONTINENTAL NO. 1."

The balloon "Continental No. 1" started on its maiden trip from the Hurlingham Club, in the presence of a large number of interested spectators, including members from the Aero, Motor, and Automobile Clubs. The descent was successfully accomplished on Beeton Common, near Newbury, Berks. The highest altitude attained was a little over 5000 ft.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

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